Saturday Review
August 21, 1976
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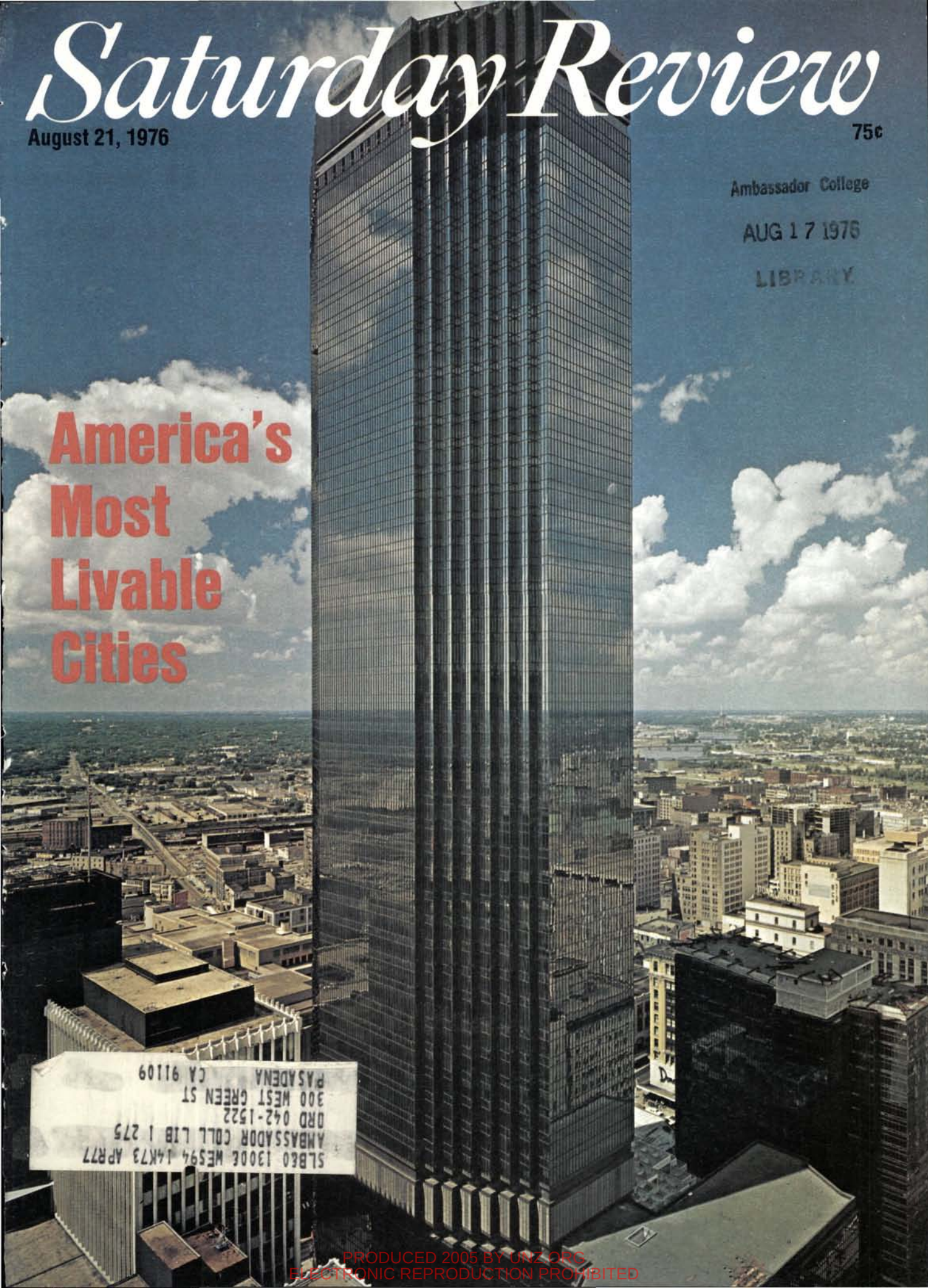
America's Most Livable Cities



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Thomas Edison is portrayed by actor Pat Hingle in a unique series of commercials. One is reprinted here. You can see many of the others on the TV special "Just an Old Sweet Song" September 14 on CBS.

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Who says Edison's greatest invention wasn't the light bulb?

Thomas Edison.

"Some people have called the light bulb my greatest invention.

I'd have to disagree.

It wasn't the light bulb. Or the phonograph. Or the motion picture. I think my greatest invention was the commercial research lab. A place where I could develop all kinds of inventions.

I built the very first commercial research lab in the country in Menlo Park, New Jersey, in 1876.

You could say that was the start of the General Electric Company. But, of course, I didn't know it at the time.

At Menlo Park, we had as many as 44 different inventions under way at the same time. Sometimes you couldn't hear yourself think. Of course, in my case it didn't matter. I've been deaf since I was twelve.

It was my goal to turn out a minor invention every ten days and a big thing every six months or so.

Two of my big things were the light bulb and the power plant.

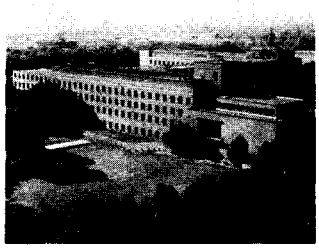
They had to be developed at the same time. Because I had no hope of selling the light bulb if there was no electricity. And I had no hope of selling electricity unless there was a light bulb.

The company I set up to sell the light bulb was called the Edison Electric Light Company. Later, it became the General Electric Company.

How did I get in the whole inventing business anyway?

Quite frankly, I saw it as a way to make some money. When I was a newsboy, I had a chance to learn that money can be made out of a little careful thought. And, being poor, I already knew that money was a valuable thing.

Boys who don't know that are under a disadvantage greater than deafness."



The research tradition Thomas Edison started continues today at the General Electric Research and Development Center in Schenectady, N.Y. Over the years, this General Electric laboratory has pioneered many developments such as the x-ray, industrial plastics, radio, television, the jet engine, Man-Made™ diamonds.

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Editorial

Report to the Readers

"Nothing is more important to us than to know that *SR* will be in good hands."

With this issue, an important change takes place in the life of the *Saturday Review*. First, however, some background may be in order for new readers.

For a long time, the *Saturday Review* was owned by the McCall Publishing Company, a division of Norton Simon, Inc. When NSI decided in 1971 to get out of communications, *SR* was sold to the former owners of *Psychology Today*, who announced their intention to continue the same editorship. In December of that year, my colleagues and I left in respectful disagreement with the new owners over their decision to change the *Saturday Review* from a weekly into four separate specialized monthly publications. Whatever the theoretical business advantages of the plan, we believed that the big intellectual need of the times was for greater integration, not fragmentation, of knowledge. After we left *SR*, we couldn't get the magazine out of our blood, and we proceeded to start a new journal, *World*, which we launched in July, 1972.

In April, 1973, the four-monthlies project collapsed. We applied to the federal bankruptcy court for the subscription list and title of the *Saturday Review*. The application was approved. The magazine resumed publication three years ago next week under the title *Saturday Review/World*.

When we contemplated the problems involved in the restoration of the magazine, we recognized that no American magazine had ever made a successful comeback from bankruptcy. But we were encouraged by the fact of a towering asset. Reader for reader, the *SR* subscription list was probably the strongest in the country.

Apart from the trauma of the bankruptcy, we were of course confronted with the usual problems affecting magazine publishing in general. To begin with, a magazine is an inherently uneconomic product. It is sold to the consumer for less than the cost of manufacture. Advertising is supposed to make up the difference. But in recent years television has enabled advertisers to reach people at a far lower cost per thousand than has print. Meanwhile, increases in costs, especially in postal rates, make it difficult for magazines to stay afloat even if they succeed in attracting advertisers.

The postal-rate situation has to be seen in historical perspective. In the early years of U.S. history, magazines and newspapers were carried through the mails free of charge. It was felt that they were important not just as conveyers of information but as the principal means of creating a necessary national consciousness.

Although free postal delivery didn't last very long, the early postal rates for magazines were relatively modest. In recent years, however, the rates have skyrocketed. Unlike other government services, the post office is expected to operate in the black, or close to it.

The increases in postal rates have an even more negative impact on the cost of mailing circulation promotion letters than on the cost of mailing the magazine itself. Even under the best of circumstances, a number of readers have to be replaced each year. Sending out letters to prospects has long been the principal means of such replacement. Little wonder that the phenomenal increases in second- and third-class postage rates were specified by the publishers of *Life* and *Look* as major reasons for the death of their magazines.

If using the mails is such a financial burden, why wouldn't shifting to newsstands be a way out? Magazines like *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Viva* have flourished on newsstands, dominating prime display space to the detriment of almost all other magazines. Frontal nudity in living color has become a newsstand commonplace. We doubt that *SR* could make its mark on newsstands against that kind of competition. We have no choice except to remain a predominantly subscription magazine.

What we have been attempting to do is to restructure magazine economics around the concept of full-rate long-term subscriptions. Although cut-rate subscriptions are a standard way of doing business for most magazines, many thousands of *SR* readers have subscribed at full rate in advance for three years or more. This has had the effect both of supplying working capital and of reducing expensive subscription-replacement costs. We know of no other magazine in our field in which so large a percentage of readers subscribe at full rates; the actual figure is 95.5 percent—more than three times the average for most magazines that are read predominantly by subscribers rather than by newsstand buyers.

Reader support has been the most important ingredient in the restoration of the *Saturday Review* following the 1973 episode. Advertising support, too, has been unusually strong considering all the uncertainty produced by the bankruptcy.

Meanwhile, however, we have been carrying the weight of several millions of dollars in liabilities that we had to assume when we acquired the magazine from the bankruptcy court. Our main operating capital came out of the proceeds of the sale of the McCall (Norton Simon, Inc.) stock I had accumulated during the years *SR* was published by McCall. We have been fortunate to have had the support of personal friends who believe deeply in *SR* and who came together and invested a total of $750,000. These friends include George McGhee and Cecilia DeGolyer McGhee, of Washington, D.C. (Mrs. McGhee is the daughter of the late E. DeGolyer, who backed me in the early years of the magazine); Ray and Patsy Nasher, of Dallas;

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Philip Klutznick, of Chicago; Leo Nevas, of Westport, Conn.; Carl Schaeffer, of New York; Louis Marx, Jr., of New York; and Eli Black, of New York. Finally, we were able to obtain a line of credit totaling $1.25 million from two banks.

Even as I put down these figures, I find my eyes popping. When I first came to the *Saturday Review*, it had a circulation of about 20,000, and its total budget for the year was less than $100,000. Today the circulation is about 500,000, and the annual budget is more than $6 million.

I would be less than forthright if I said that trying to deal with the financial situation hasn't kept me up nights. What has troubled me even more is that budgetary matters have been taking me away from the editorial development of the magazine. And so, I have been looking for a partner, someone who would be able to take full responsibility for the business side of the magazine and who could keep *SR* on high financial ground. George McGhee, as Chairman of the Board of Directors, has been a source of prodigious strength, as has the Board itself. But Ambassador McGhee has emphasized that what we need most of all is someone who can assume the operational authority on all publishing matters.

It is against this background that I am able to share with *SR* readers the good news that this search for a partner is now over. The name John P. Keller now appears on the masthead under the title President of *Saturday Review*. We met several months ago through mutual friends, Richard Hexter and Carl Pforzheimer III. John Keller, a young man of thirty-six, is a former Business Manager of *Time* magazine. He also served as head of Time-Life's suburban newspaper publishing subsidiary, Pioneer Press. In 1972 he left Time-Life to join his father, Paul Keller, in running the family's steel business in Cleveland.

At my first meeting with John Keller, I learned that his company has prospered in recent years and that he feels he is now in a position to re-activate his interest in magazine publishing. He and members of his family have been longtime readers of the *Saturday Review*. He has a strong respect for its history and traditions and, what is profoundly satisfying to us, for its prospects.

I have also had the pleasure of meeting Paul Keller, who, in his open and straightforward manner, reminded me a great deal of Mr. DeGolyer. Like Mr. De, Paul Keller prefers a handshake to elaborate legal documents.

The discussions with the Kellers moved very swiftly. After no more than three or four meetings, an agreement was reached under which the Kellers would take over all our bank loans and make us debt-free. The individual stockholders other than N.C. would receive substantially everything they have invested in *SR*. In return, John Keller would become a full partner in the magazine. As *SR*'s President he will run the business affairs. I have agreed to remain as editor for at least five years, and will continue to have complete editorial freedom.

The Board of Directors, as listed in the indicia (page 2), will have some new members, including the Kellers, Carl Pforzheimer, and John Keller's father-in-law, G. Robert Klein, who operates a newspaper- and book-distributing company in Cleveland.

I came to *SR* at the age of twenty-five. That was thirty-six incredibly short years ago. And now I find myself thinking about the next three decades or more. Nothing is more important to me professionally than to know that the *Saturday Review* will be in good hands. As a result of the new partnership, I have the peace of mind that comes from knowing that the magazine is on high ground. We have resources for editorial improvement and expansion. We would like to do much more on the conditions of creativity, not just in America but in various other places throughout the world. We would like to provide space for articles of philosophical and autobiographical reflection. We have hopes of making a genuine contribution to an understanding of what may be the principal problem in the decade ahead—the squandering of human resources. The August 7 issue was our curtain-raiser for this new endeavor. And we would like to expand our book-review section.

"...their main purpose is not just to see that the magazine perseveres but to strengthen it in every possible way."

Philosophically, we'd like to see the magazine develop greater capability for bringing new ideas to its readers. We have always felt that one of the troubles with magazines is that they tend to provide the same material, albeit in greater depth, that appears in the daily press. But newspapers deal with eruptions—shootings, skyjackings, accidents, attacks, assaults, denunciations, ultimatums. And eruptive news, generally speaking, is downside news. The constant hammering of such news is dispiriting in the extreme. *SR* will have an opportunity to search out and develop the non-eruptive material that may give a more rounded idea of what the world is all about.

In response to a question from the press, John Keller said that his main aim is to back the *Saturday Review* to the hilt. He sees the magazine as having a unique place in the history of American journalism, and he believes that, in the course of *SR*'s fifty-two years, it has made important contributions to the American people and to the world community in general. In becoming associated with the *Saturday Review*, he said, he and his father are eager to emphasize that their main purpose is not just to see that the magazine perseveres but to strengthen it in every possible way.

John Keller believes that the most valuable asset of *SR* is its readership. He is impressed with outside surveys which show that *SR* has one of the best-educated and intellectually active readerships of any magazine in the country. He understands the remarkable relationship that has existed between *SR*'s readers and the editors. And he shares with the editor the belief that communicating with such a readership is the tallest challenge and finest privilege in publishing. —N.C.

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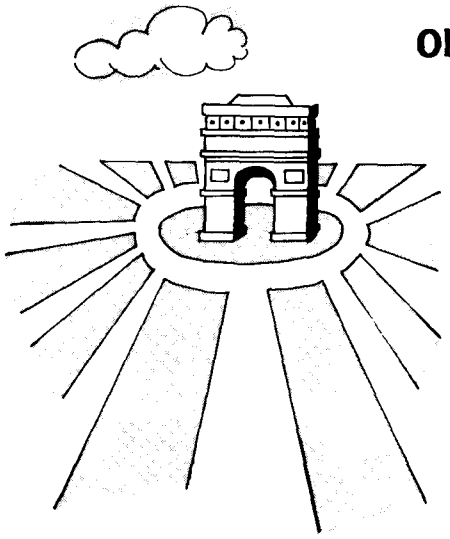

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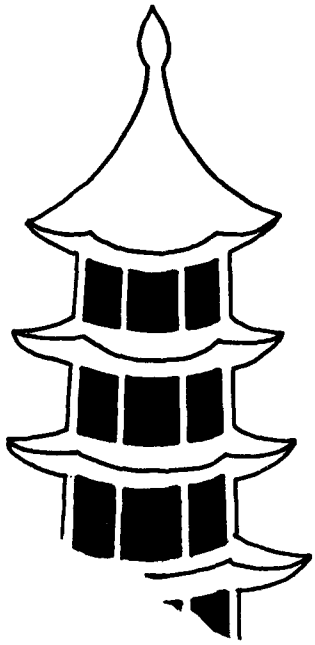

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Letters from Readers

Shudder Diplomacy

George W. Ball's article ["The Disenchantment with Kissinger," June 12] demonstrates unwonted oversights. Ball berates Kissinger for not insisting on Israel's compliance with U.N. Resolution 242 by withdrawing from territories occupied since 1967. . . . The occupied territories serve as Israel's only buffer against Arab attack. Jews have experienced one horrible episode of mass slaughter in this generation. Israel's surrender of buffer zones, urged by Ball, would set the stage for a second episode. Ball is willing to gamble with the physical safety of several million Israelis. Israel is not.

Leonard Friedman
Sacramento, Calif.

George Ball brings nothing wholesome to his attack on Henry Kissinger when he writes that Israel occupies territories "taken by force without regard to accepted principles of international law." What law? Who will forget that Nasser formally began the 1967 war by blockading the port of Eilat, by massing forces at the Gaza Strip, and by proclaiming the imminent invasion of Israel? . . . What principle of international law did Israel break when she rose to defend her people from annihilation?

Eleazar Lipsky
New York City

George Ball's article is a vivid example of the sophistry and selective myopia that got us into the Vietnam War and that has made us the unloved uncle to the world. It is both cruel and counterproductive, for example, to suggest that the road to peace in the Mideast is possible only if one of the combatants accepts the preconditions for its own destruction as dictated by one or all of the big powers in their struggles for supremacy over one another. Power, not peace, is the name of that game, and tones of reasonable piety on the part of senior advisers from the odorous sixties and seventies do not conceal the fact that, to attain this end, the security of smaller powers is expendable. . . .

Mildred Katz
Saginaw, Mich.

George Ball's criticism is that the agreement provided that one side (Israel) receive a "massive arsenal to defend its continued occupation of territories taken by force. . . ." Nowhere does he point out that "leftist" Arab countries were and are receiving a "massive arsenal" from the Soviet Union, that Saudi Arabia is buying significant armaments from the United States, and that Libya is receiving arms from all sources. Does Ball propose that only Israel be left relatively unarmed so that it might be more amenable to a settlement that it believes to be contrary to its vital interests?

Seymour Rosenberg
Easton, Conn.

Beware the Barbecue

Charles Kuralt ["Outdoor Cookery from Barbe to Queue," June 26] writes, "An old refrigerator shelf was all you really needed." We believe that the following alert, taken from one of our Coast Guard publications, is in order: "A family became violently ill after eating an outdoor bar-b-que. Investigation revealed that the food was fresh and not contaminated. The cause of the illness remained a mystery until the victims mentioned that they had grilled steaks on an old refrigerator shelf. Tests showed that the shelf was cadmium-plated. The cadmium melted and stuck to the steaks, resulting in the poisoning."

Robert Sprung
U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary
Clearwater, Fla.

Fusion Confusion

In N.C.'s report on the Soviet-American conference ["Dartmouth X," June 12], an unfortunate error refers to the possibilities of nuclear fission—as contrasted to fusion. . . . Surely the sentence should have read, "the possibilities of nuclear fusion, as contrasted with fission."

Harold Harmon
New York City

Editor's note: Mr. Harmon is correct.

A Tall Order

Allow me to thank you for the splendid Great American Summer issue of *Saturday Review* [June 26]. It ranks with the Tall Ships float-by as a feature of America's 200th year worth remembering.

Owen E. Lyons
Neenah, Wis.

In Our Best Interests

I would suggest to Thomas H. Middleton ["I'm Here in the Orchard, Juliet," July 10] that ". . . from day in to day out" is the way Home Savings and Loan wants the expression to go, dammit! My interpretation of the ad is that the writers want to emphasize that you receive interest every day your money is with Home Savings and Loan. . . . I assume the copywriters are not concerned with paying interest "at twilight."

Harold Williamson, Jr.
Urbana, Ill.

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America's Most Livable Cities

A portfolio of urban optimism

San Diego, Richard L. Allman

edited by William Marlin and Roland Gelatt

Who has a good word for the cities? To employ the adjective "urban" today is tantamount to carrying bad news. Consider the contemporary litany: urban bankruptcy, urban blight, urban decay, urban disinvestment, the urban exodus, urban sprawl. Even when we speak of "urban renewal," the phrase is apt to be a downer, conveying images of severe, soulless high rises set in crumbling wastelands.

This strain of urban disparagement runs deep in the American psyche. The archetypal American hero is a country boy, and from Thomas Jefferson to Gerald Ford, a strong anticity sentiment has colored our political discourse. But despite the pervasive opprobrium, most of us live or work in large cities. Like it or not, we are stuck with them.

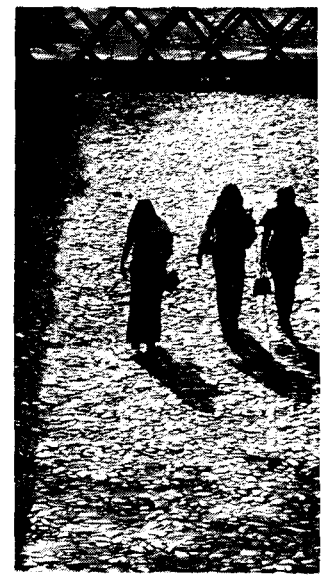
And they are not all going down the drain. Quite the contrary, the trends in many American cities point upward. Though it is hardly yet the moment to cry hosanna, it is time to re-examine the prevalent pessimism about our cities. They have at last, after some thirty years of feverish flux, attained a certain equilibrium. The outward march of disaffected middle- and upper-income residents has perceptibly slowed while at the same time the inward migration of the poor and dispossessed has abated. Something of a stasis has thus evolved—or, depending on your point of view about cities, something of an opportunity. With all their pathologies, cities—at least some cities—are beginning to look good again.

In this issue we examine five of America's most livable cities. The choices are certain to cause debate. Livability is a quality that resides very much in the eye of the beholder. One man's livability is another's ennui. For the music lover who dotes on live performance of opera, New York is clearly America's most livable city. For the deep-sea fisherman whose contentment is measured by the size of the tarpon he hooks, Miami just as clearly heads the list. Livability is a profoundly subjective matter, arising out of the interplay between individuals and their environment. Still, it is possible to indicate certain standards according to which most of us can judge the livability of a city.

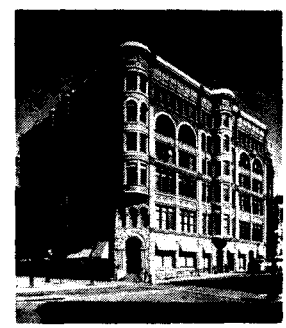
Faced with the challenge of choosing a city in which to live, we would probably begin with some fairly basic considerations—the overall cost of living, the climate, the population mix, the effectiveness of local government. This would lead us to some questions about the city's schools and universities, its public transportation, its roadways, its environmental controls in their broadest application. We would want to know whether the city has a downtown worthy of the name and whether we would feel secure walking its streets at night. Further high-priority considerations would center on the city's amenities: its cultural life, its recreational opportunities, its links with the past, its shops and restaurants. Finally, we would need to assess the city's future, particularly its economic prospects and its ability to manage growth.

These criteria have guided us in selecting our exemplars of livability. Needless to say, every city on the list does not score equally well in all departments. Each has notable strengths and apparent drawbacks. But together they manifest a staying power that is quite remarkable when viewed within the context of a thirty-year history of suburban depredation. Of course, these cities have spawned suburbs, and their suburbs yet others. Nevertheless, despite the loss of population and tax dollars, they have managed to retain and expand upon their natural, cultural, and historic heritages, retrieving older districts for continued service and sustenance, drawing on yesterday's resources to help meet today's economic pressures, and building anew in ways that are at once harmonious, imaginative, and inspiring.

They share also a sense of enthusiasm about the future, a conviction that history is on their side. The inhabitants of these cities are not plugging holes in leaky urban dikes, resigning themselves to the seemingly inevitable deluge. They are there because they see these cities as pertinent places in which to put down roots. They are, indeed, reaching for a new urban renaissance, and their optimism could become contagious. —R.G.



Savannah, R. Norman Matheny



Seattle, Jim Ball

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Seattle

Thriving Neighborhoods in Rainier's Shadow

by Patrick Douglas

I ARRIVED in Seattle a dozen years ago, as an expatriate of the South Carolina low country, by way of Boston. My first writing assignment took me to a nondescript dwelling perched on a hillside in what was then called Chinatown but is now called—blandly, I think—the International District. After mounting the front steps, I rang the doorbell, then idly turned around—and froze. For there, staring me in the face, was the most enormous mountain I had ever seen, which, from all I had heard and read about Seattle, I could only surmise was Mt. Rainier. The mountain was so big it seemed to fill the sky. Its base was obscured by a thin white haze, so that the entire mass appeared to hover above the horizon like an alabaster apparition—immense, awesome, serene.

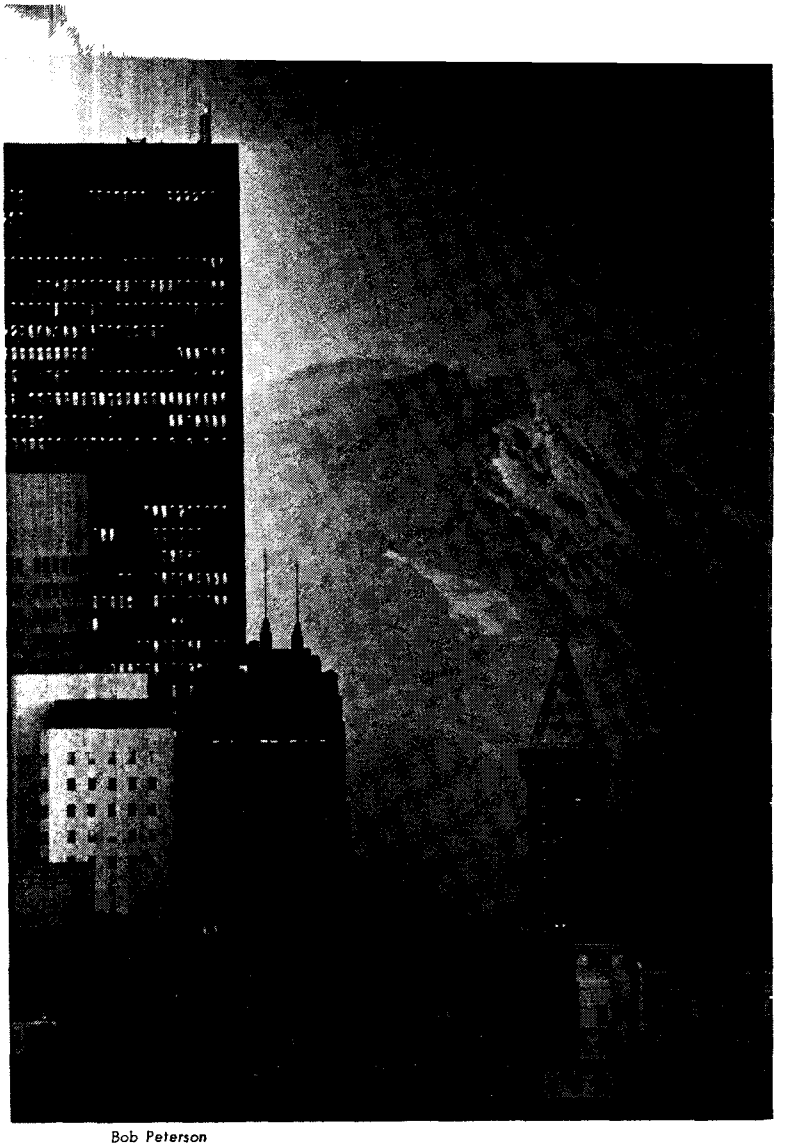
Seattle is full of surprises like that. The city is built on an isthmus dotted with lakes and hills, so that even its most ordinary streets and houses are apt to command a view of water or mountains or both. Perhaps the most spectacular view is from Queen Anne Hill at sunset. As the sun slides westward over Puget Sound, it gradually sinks behind the jagged Olympic Mountains, turning the mountains and water a portentous purple and the sky above them a flaming orange. It is a setting worthy of the final act of *Götterdämmerung*.

The city does not really match this setting, but it is making a valiant effort to change for the better. Whether this effort will eventually succeed in staving off the forces that are gradually eroding every large American city remains to be seen.

Downtown Seattle—a thriving financial center with two or three good new office buildings (and two or three bad ones)—is one place where this effort is in evidence. Recent downtown development got off to an awful start in the 1950s, when the city erected the Alaskan Way Viaduct, a double-deck gray monstrosity that walls off downtown from Elliott Bay—potentially one of the great urban waterfronts of the world.

More recently, the city seems to have come to its senses. An effort to erect a similar structure, which would have walled off the city from Lake Union, was defeated in a public referendum, and lately there has even been talk of tearing down the viaduct (just as San Francisco is talking of tearing down the Embarcadero Freeway). At this writing, such talk has gotten nowhere, but several other downtown projects are well under way.

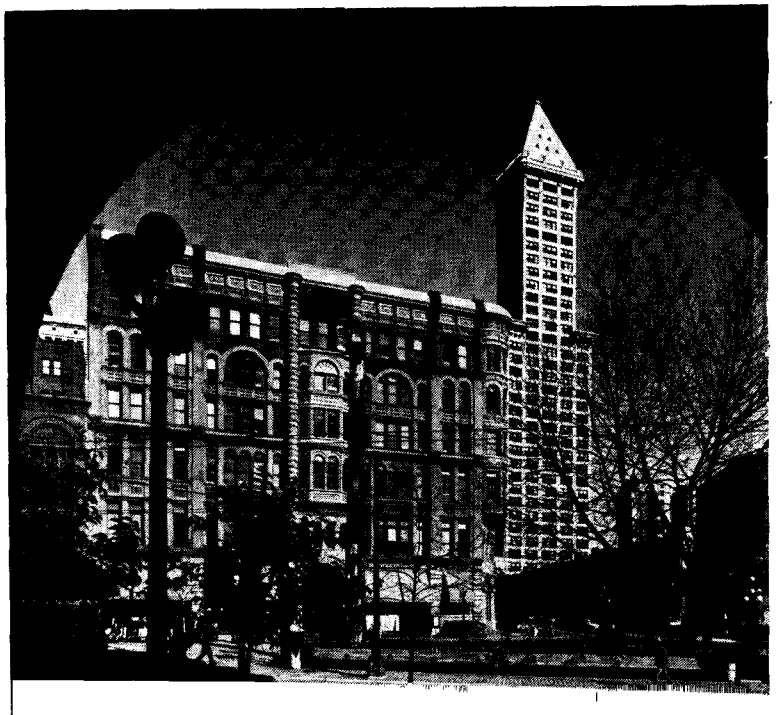
So far, the most successful of these is the Pioneer Square historic district, located just south of the central business



Bob Peterson

Above, Mt. Rainier dwarfs Seattle's pyramid-topped Smith Tower; below, the early skyscraper framed within an archway of Pioneer Square.

Jim Ball



Patrick Douglas is editor of the Weekly, *a four-month-old Seattle magazine housed in a restored building on Pioneer Square.*

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district and just north of the city's new domed stadium. A neighborhood of three- to five-story redbrick edifices with wonderful arches, Pioneer Square was once marked for wholesale demolition; today it is an appealing place with pedestrian malls, art galleries, antique shops, and restaurants.

Not long ago, I had occasion to tour Pioneer Square with architect Philip Johnson, and Johnson was impressed. "Pioneer Square," he said, "is absolutely enthralling. No other American city has such a continuous stretch of fine old buildings all of a piece."

The central business district, just to the north, has few of the human amenities of Pioneer Square, but this deficiency is being attended to. Last month, the city dedicated an inviting new downtown park designed by San Francisco landscape architect Lawrence Halprin, complete with one of his famous fountains. That fact in itself is not particularly remarkable—except that this park is built across Interstate 5, a huge freeway that gouged an ugly trench along the east side of downtown.

BEFORE long, a group of downtown property owners, in cooperation with the city, will convert Seattle's principal shopping street into an ebullient landscaped boulevard for pedestrians. This new thoroughfare will connect the freeway park to Westlake Mall, in the heart of the city's retail district. At the moment, the area is not much to look at, nor has the retail district been entirely healthy. Between 1965 and 1972 (the most recent period for which federal figures are available) downtown trade declined by 9 percent, whereas trade in the metropolitan region as a whole grew by 34 percent. But there have been signs in the last few years that this picture may be improving, and if the Westlake project goes ahead as planned, business should pick up even more.

Designed by Romaldo Giurgola, one of the nation's best architects, and developed by the Mondev Corporation of Montreal, Westlake Mall will consist of a pair of smallish plazas between which will be an intriguing multitiered structure containing a hotel, numerous shops and restaurants, a couple of movie theaters, and a terminal for the city's monorail—a popular (and profit-making) legacy of the 1962 World's Fair. The idea here is not to create a monument but to weave something into the fabric of the city.

West of Westlake, another pedestrian boulevard will lead to the Pike Place Market, a curious jumble of vegetable stalls, fruit stands, hotels, cafés, fish shops, meat shops, secondhand stores, and odds-and-ends places perched on a hillside overlooking Elliott Bay. A few years ago, the Pike Place Market was slated for "salvation" by means of a mammoth urban-renewal project. A citizens referendum put a stop to this madness, and today—with the aid of federal funds—the market is being carefully restored. Soon the city will begin construction of a funicular that will run down the steep incline from the market to Elliott Bay, where the city is completing an aquarium and a waterfront park. Users of the funicular will presumably pay a nominal charge, but the city's extensive downtown bus system is free.

Eventually, the city hopes that such downtown amenities will spark a major residential development in the Denny Regrade (so called because of a hill-leveling operation at the turn of the century). This anonymous area, just north of the central business district, is already perking up, as ordinary old clunkers, from bakeries to auto-repair shops to factories, are retrieved for new vitality as eateries, offices, and galleries. In the meantime, many people are finding it advantageous to live in the city for a related reason—its cultural life.

A vigorous venue is the University of Washington, a mile

Seattle from the harbor—"Potentially one of the great urban waterfronts of the world."

Julius Shulman

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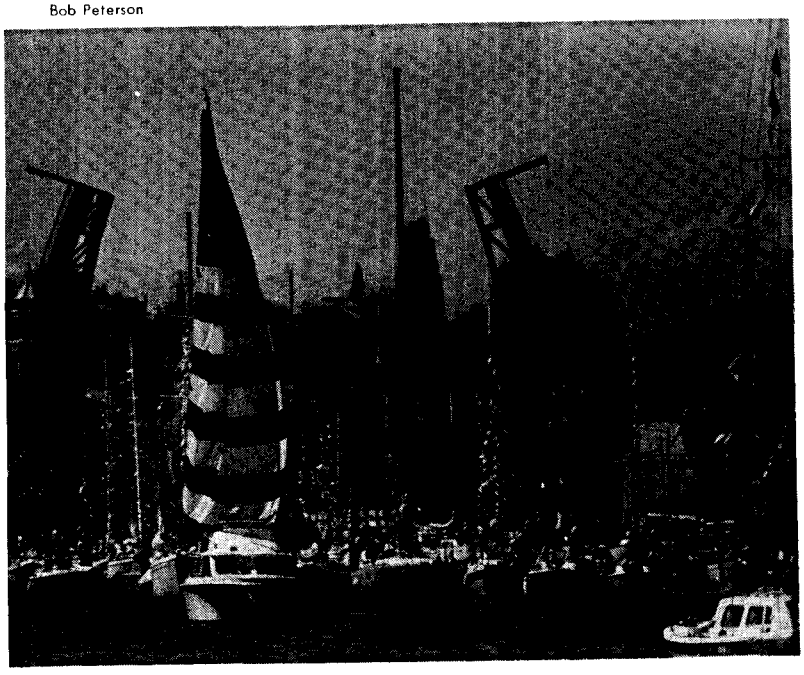
Julius Shulman

Seattle at work and at play—"From its parks to its buildings, slopes, and waterways, here is a habitat in harmony with nature."

Bob Peterson



or two north of downtown Seattle. Here the superb Philadelphia Quartet has been performing in residence for the past nine years, and the university drama school has continued to operate three lively theaters.

Most of the city's cultural life, however, is focused on Seattle Center, another legacy of the 1962 World's Fair. Here, in rather pleasant, parklike surroundings, are the Seattle Opera, a nationally known company that has declined a bit in recent years; the Seattle Symphony, expected to be a good orchestra under its new director, Rainer Miedel; and the Seattle Repertory Theater, no longer a repertory company in the true sense of the term but still extremely well attended. Here, too, is the Seattle Art Museum's Modern Art Pavilion, where director Charles Cowles (former publisher of *Art Forum*) has staged several significant shows during his two-year tenure. Two small theaters—the Contemporary Theater and the Empty Space—are notable for being located in urban neighborhoods, where they leaven community life with considerable artistic success.

IT IS, in fact, in Seattle's neighborhoods that the fortunes of the city will rise or fall, and here the prospects are mixed. Between 1960 and 1970 Seattle lost a total of 26,000 residents, 1,000 more residents, incidentally, than were lost to San Francisco. In the process, the city's minority population, mainly black, increased from 9 percent to around 15 percent. (In Seattle, as elsewhere, black is often poor; and poor people put a strain on a city's resources.) From 1970 to 1975 Seattle lost an additional 27,000 residents—a rate of loss more than double what it was during the previous decade. Over the past year or so, however, this rate of loss has slowed considerably—or possibly even reversed itself. And though opinions differ as to what the city can expect over the next few years, it is worth pointing out that Seattle possesses some distinct advantages.

Although Seattle has no Georgetown or Beacon Hill to serve as a showcase for upper-middle-class urban living, it has something far more important: numerous close-in neighborhoods where a family can live comfortably—even well—at a reasonable, if rising, price. According to federal statistics, Seattle ranks sixteenth in living costs for a middle-class family.

The city has a tightly knit group of community councils that see to it that their neighborhoods are not bulldozed for freeways or high rises. It also has a relatively clean and open government, which under Mayor Wes Uhlman has undertaken an imaginative program of grass-roots neighborhood planning. For example, in each of the city's twenty-two neighborhood-improvement programs, residents actually cast ballots to determine how the appropriated funds will be spent. Practices such as these led *Harper's* magazine, in a recent survey of living conditions in the fifty largest American cities, to rate Seattle number one.

Thus, if any American cities have a chance of withstanding the centrifugal forces that have been weakening this country's urban communities for the past thirty years, Seattle would have to rank high on the list. From the verdancy of its parks to the intimacy between its buildings, slopes, and waterways, here is a habitat in harmony with nature. And above it all Mt. Rainier rises like an affable but exacting conscience, a reminder that this harmony is fragile, this cohesiveness possibly fleeting. ◉

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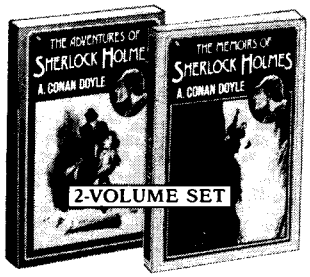

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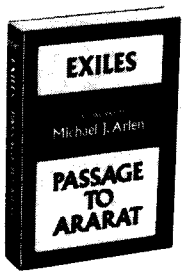

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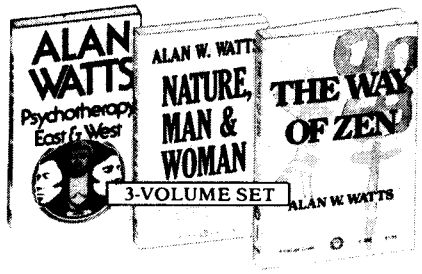

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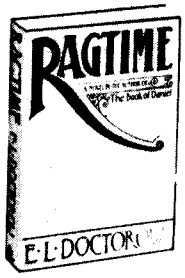

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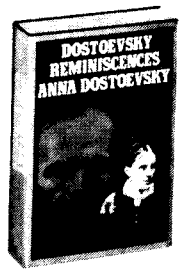

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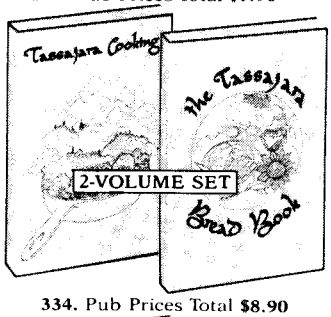

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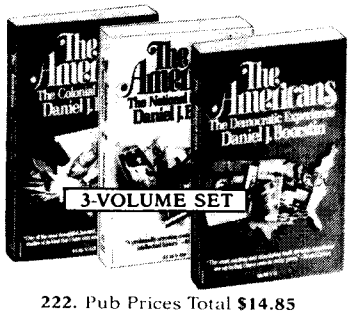

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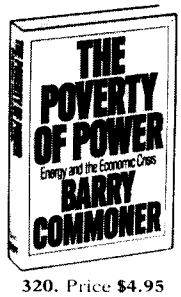

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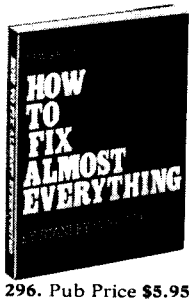

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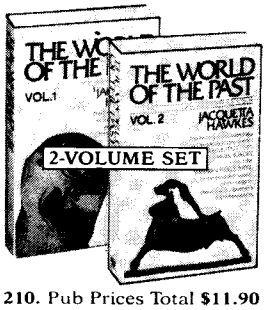

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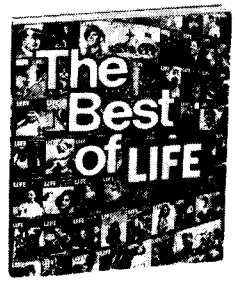

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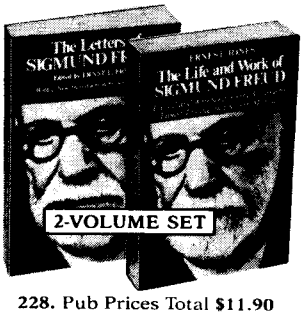

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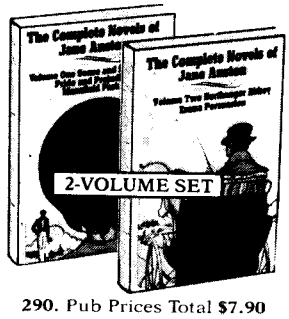

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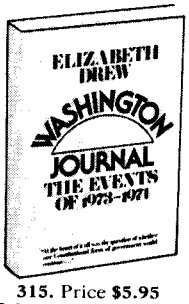

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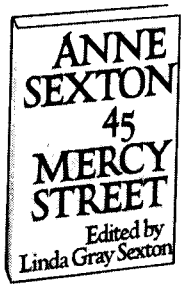

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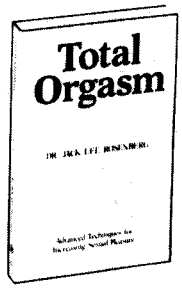

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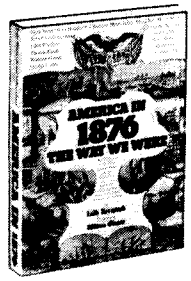

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Minneapolis

City of Waters and Skyways

by M. W. Newman

R. Norman Matheny

THE best symbols of Minneapolis are its climateproof downtown skyways —bridge-lined, glass-enclosed second-level links that span streets and join buildings. They connote human *connection.*

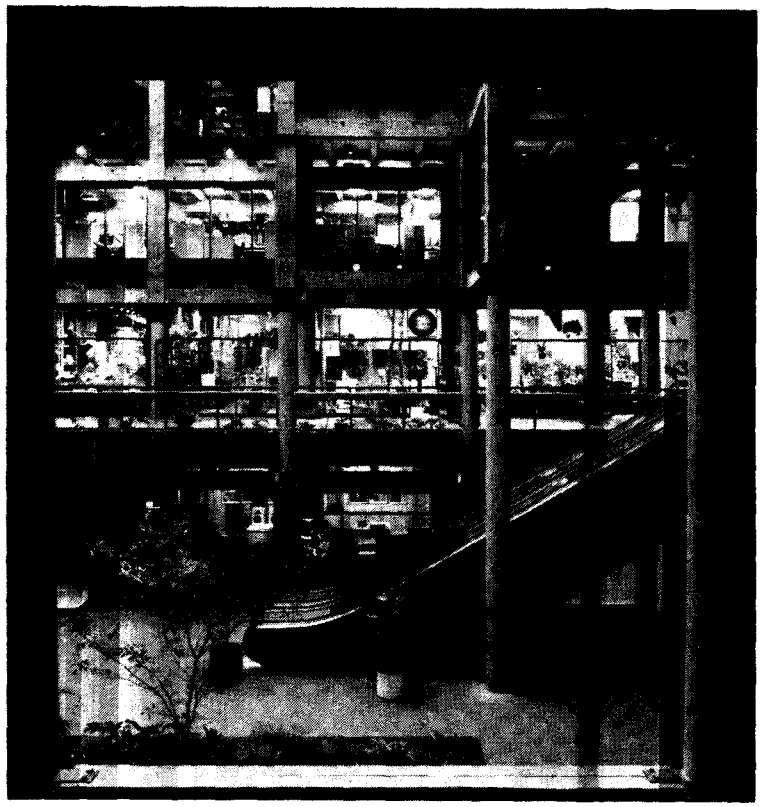
Minneapolis now boasts fifteen skyways. They are carpeted and clean, air-conditioned in summer and heated in winter. You can walk through them, from building to building, in whatever you're wearing. And they are ample, ranging in width from twelve to twenty feet and in length up to eighty feet, with at least eight feet of headroom. Fans of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" can glimpse these skyways; Minneapolis is its "backdrop."

The skyways separate pedestrians and automobiles, ease traffic congestion, and fend off the city's extremes of weather—Minneapolis is alternately scorching in summer and fiercely cold in winter. (The average daily low in winter is two degrees above zero.) The skyways are an important part of a long-range, comprehensive plan to rebuild downtown, which is already a smashing success story with its automobile-free Nicollet shopping mall, office towers, hotels, and exuberant bursts of avant-garde architecture. Above all, the skyways symbolize a city eager to try new approaches, to make urbanism work, to shape steel and concrete to human purposes.

If Minneapolis is a city that works, what it works *at* is making city life amenable and attractive. Defying climate and other adversities, it may well be the nation's number one experimental laboratory for new urban ideas. In fact, Minneapolis (or rather the Minneapolis–St. Paul metropolitan region, embracing 2 million people) ranks first, overall, in quality of life among eighteen metropolitan areas, according to the Urban Land Institute of Washington, D.C.

That means it has, among other things, higher-than-average income and educational levels; a diverse and balanced economy, with many locally owned firms; a responsive and responsible government, able to meet its bills; clean air and clean streets; reasonably effective schools; and a relatively modest crime rate (nineteenth out of twenty-five metropolitan areas surveyed). Though fear of street crimes has paralyzed many cities, you still see people walking the streets at night in the Twin Cities.

The astonishingly high level of generosity on the part of the downtown business establishment helps finance such Twin Cities cultural attractions as the Guthrie Theater, the handsomely rebuilt Walker Art Center, the enlarged Minneapolis Institute of Arts, the Children's Theater, the Minnesota Symphony's new $10-million Orchestra Hall, and the St. Paul Art and Science Center. The University of Minnesota, 40,000 students strong, is another cultural bulwark of Minneapolis. (The Twin Cities are sports crazy, too, as witness the pro football Vikings, quarterbacked by Fran Tarkenton, the baseball Twins, and two hockey clubs.)



Phillip MacMillan James

Butler Square—"A Teddy Roosevelt period piece converted from a warehouse to a people-pulling palace of commerce."

The city's broad and solid economic base provides middle-class white-collar jobs in manufacturing, banking, finance, and the grain industry. Unemployment has been held to 6 percent. Once a mere "mill city," Minneapolis now is corporate headquarters for such large firms as Honeywell, Control Data, Univac, General Mills, Pillsbury, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, and Medtronics.

Neither Minneapolis nor St. Paul is conventionally beautiful. But both have a rugged character softened by plenty of shade trees. Although you can find aging, seedy neighborhoods here, their density is moderate, and there are no down-and-out slums of the Chicago or Cleveland variety. Conversely, there are many neighborhoods of splendid, serene charm. Most people in the Twin Cities area live in their own

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M. W. Newman is arts and amusements editor for the Chicago Daily News *and editor of* Inland Architect Magazine.

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Phillip MacMillan James

Crystal Court, in the IDS Center—"A joyful multilevel covered plaza, crowning center of downtown's elbow-rubbing ambience."

R. Norman Matheny

homes. "Best of all, you can live in the city," says St. Louis–born Karen Boros, a reporter for CBS's Minneapolis TV affiliate, WCCO. "I'm five minutes from work, and it's easy to get out to the country and lakes. Minneapolis is by far the best place I've ever lived."

Indeed, you don't have to go to the country to get to the lakes. They are sprinkled throughout Minneapolis, a natural playland, winter and summer. In fact, the word "Minneapolis" *means* "City of Waters." Most of the lakes are girdled by well-maintained parks; Minneapolis has one acre of park for every eight residents, a healthy average.

With comparatively little heavy industry and only small racial minorities, the Twin Cities have escaped severe urban crunches. Ninety-five percent of the metropolitan population is white—largely of Scandinavian or German descent in Minneapolis and Irish Catholic in St. Paul. This is not the place to go to hear Italian or Polish in the streets.

Does this homogeneity also make for a certain conservatism or dullness? Some concerned people think so, but the cities are alive, anyway, with citizen activity—"a profusion of it, almost a jungle growth," in the prideful words of Ted Kolderie, director of the influential Citizens League. One executive who emigrated from the East confided, "It is startling, at first, to see so many people who look alike." And where else can one see so many sturdy blond girls bicycling everywhere—downtown on the Mall, on park trails, all over town?

But what about those bitter Minnesota winters? Bryan G. Moon, a British-born executive for Northwest Airlines, was transferred from Honolulu to Minneapolis in March, at the very bottom of winter. "Bit of a shock," he says, "but you know, the Minnesota summers are so beautiful no one wants to leave. We have a boat on a lake. And people here *enjoy* winter—skating, skiing, ice fishing. You know?"

One of Minneapolis's most eye-catching features is Nicollet Mall, meandering for eight blocks through the downtown section. The only wheels you can see on it propel ten-cents-a-ride buses (some mini-sized), occasional special-purpose vehicles, and cyclists. The Mall is no masterwork of beauty, but it has sturdy bus shelters that are heated in winter and Muzaked year-round, kiosks, fountains, sculpture, planters, and benches. In addition, there are outdoor cafés in good weather and heated snow-melting sidewalks for bad weather. It's obviously successful, a fine place for strolling and browsing.

The Mall's most stunning work of architecture is Gunnar Birkerts's bridgelike Federal Reserve Building, with its cable-hung floors. Minneapolis's zeal to be number one has brought with it a number of star turns by imported big-name architects vying at the art of structrual exhibitionism. Not all of

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the work is as good as it has been pictured; some of the best is simply innovative adaptation of existing buildings, such as Butler Square, a Teddy Roosevelt period piece that has been converted from a warehouse to a people-pulling palace of commerce.

The centerpiece of all this new development is the $150-million IDS Center (see cover photo), 775 feet high, a stylized crystalline complex designed by Philip Johnson. IDS dominates, if not overpowers, the city's skyline, and its 120-foot-high Crystal Court, a joyful multilevel covered plaza, is the crowning center of downtown's elbow-rubbing ambience. Students of architecture come from all over the world to see it.

It would, of course, be wrong to imply that everything comes up roses in Minneapolis. As Robert Moffitt, the assistant city coordinator, says, "Now, now, we are not paradise. We have our problems. Our population is down from 500,000 to about 400,000, and a lot of our housing is fifty years old or older." What is more, parking garages overrun downtown Minneapolis: they are conventionally ugly, with some graceful exceptions. But downtown is blessedly free of gross commercial signs.

The region's press (Cowles in Minneapolis, Knight-Ridder in St. Paul) and broadcasting stations are considered rather bland and ingrown but, nevertheless, urban-minded and decent. Schools have strained to satisfy a court order to integrate. It appears they suffer from disciplinary problems and some falling away of students. Two "new towns," one in town and one outside, have not made much headway. Blacks and American Indians have their grievances but little political clout.

Finally, housing costs are high—up to $50,000 for a three-bedroom house in a good old Minneapolis neighborhood with suburban charm, $65,000 or more farther out. As for taxes, "Minneapolis's property tax is exceeded only by Milwaukee's," says Robert Moffitt. (Typical annual tax on a $24,000 Minneapolis house is $736.) The state income tax is at or near the top. Ted Kolderie, of the Citizens League, puts it this way: "We're a high-tax, high-service place. If you want low taxes and few or no services, this is not for you, and we don't want you, anyhow."

Kolderie's Citizens League has pushed hard for the metropolitan-development concept. The state legislature has responded by creating a metropolitan council (Metro) with its own tax base. It is the most advanced regional planning and managerial concept of its kind in this country. Metro affects about 300 communities, commissions, and districts in seven counties. It is *not* a supergovernment; individual communities still run their own affairs. But at a metropolitan level, the council has a good bit to say about regional planning, population sprawl, land use, airports, sewage disposal, low-cost housing, public transit, and equitable sharing of revenues derived from localized growth. The metropolitan region is swelling steadily. Whether Metro can divert or reroute costly and unnecessary sprawl while helping to preserve the inner cities and small outlying towns is still uncertain, but the prognosis is encouraging.

Minneapolis and St. Paul came out of the nineteenth century and are still young cities. Their spirit is best evinced in Metro and in broadly active citizen participation. Eugene E. Franchett, Metro's planning director, says it all: "They're willing to try new things here." That does make for a vivid today and a hopeful tomorrow. ◉

Savannah

Historic Roots at an Affordable Price

by Roger M. Williams

IN THE cluttered studio of his eighteenth-century white frame house, across the park and cobbled ramps from the riverfront, Savannah artist Jemison Hoskins is hard at work—painting black-and-white signs for an Augusta business firm. "There are probably two hundred practicing artists in this city," he says with an amiable shrug, "and very few of us can make it on art alone." His is the life of the professional who has deliberately traded conventional goals for ease of living and pyschic satisfaction. There are many like him in Savannah, and more arrive every month. It is one of America's unsung urban oases.

In Savannah livability means good climate, manageable size (both of buildings and of population), and, most importantly, a vibrant sense of history. Like Charleston and New Orleans, Savannah has roots deep in the past. But history in Savannah carries more clout than in New Orleans, and it is more warmly personal than in Charleston. In fact, Savannah may well be truer to its history than any other American city. Its urban plan is the one laid out by General James Edward Oglethorpe two and one half centuries ago: a grid of wide streets broken by large, open squares. Although a few of those squares have been lost to misguided modernizers, some twenty remain as persuasive examples of what city living can be. Moreover, Savannah has steadfastly restored hundreds of its old houses and public buildings and, in the process, has become one of America's outstanding examples of convenient and comfortable city living at an affordable price.

Many Savannahians who live in the "historic district," a central section of the city containing some 900 restored homes, leave their cars at home and walk to work. They read and relax in Oglethorpe's squares—large lush-green plots brimming with live oaks and flowering shrubs. Although their houses are hard by the sidewalks, people are seldom bothered by traffic noises; Savannah's motorists are so notably unaggressive that, as a Northern writer once observed, "they could be driving carriages."

Children can wander the streets of the historic district without worrying their parents. Homeowners frequently leave their front doors unlocked; and if they do turn the key, it is seldom to activate the kind of elaborate system used by big-city fortress dwellers. A Savannah businessman whose $200,000 house is awash in antiques has one lock on his front door—and it looks as though it would readily yield its secrets to an old-fashioned skeleton key.

Partly because it is a seaport, Savannah has a remarkably

For the past year, SR *contributing editor Roger M. Williams has directed a foundation-funded investigative-journalism project in Atlanta.*

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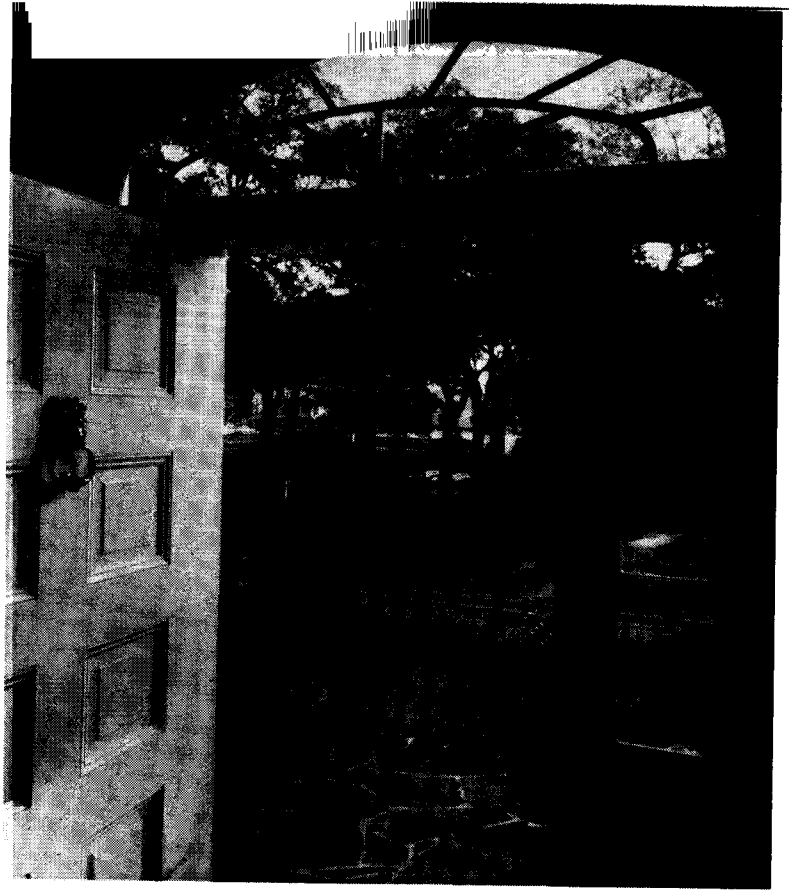

Left, looking onto Park Square; below, Forsyth Park—"Lovingly tended residences, great leafy overhangs of trees, the fragrance of blooms."

Elliott Erwitt: Magnum

R. Norman Matheny

heterogeneous population. Unlike many Southern cities that remain populated almost entirely by WASPs and blacks, Savannah has a yeasty mixture of nationalities and traditions. According to historians, a boatload of Sephardic Jews landed shortly after Oglethorpe, and their descendants have been prominent in Savannah affairs ever since. The city puts on one of the nation's biggest St. Patrick's Day parades. And there are small but influential colonies of Italians and Greeks (the Greek-speaking mayor, John Rousakis, recently led a contingent of Savannahians on a trip to the mother country).

The Savannah "mix" is enriched by a steady influx of outsiders. Some arrive via company transfers, but a more significant number come essentially on their own, seeking Savannah's version of the good life. Among the shopkeepers along the handsomely revived riverfront are several refugees from more northern reaches of the Atlantic Coast. One of them, Warren Veith, gave up a dental practice in Philadelphia; he and his wife, Sally, now operate a wine and cheese shop. Al Anthony, a former creative director on Madison Avenue, runs River Street Pottery. Jemison Hoskins, the artist, found himself "nonrenewed" for tenure at a North Carolina college, spent a summer painting in Savannah, and stayed on.

Changes in occupation frequently accompany the newcomer's arrival. Four years ago, Neal Tonks was a vice-president of a Manhattan advertising agency and living in suburban Montclair, N.J. Now he runs a small but thriving Savannah shop that refinishes antiques and wooden interiors and exteriors. Although he earns less money than he made in New York, he figures that he is better off. "If you make twenty-five thousand or so a year here, you're in the upper bracket. We pay only about six hundred a year in taxes on our house—a fraction of what we paid in Montclair. Also, there's a great saving in clothes. I work in shirt sleeves, and we've almost eliminated winter clothing from our budget."

Neal Tonks bought a run-down four-story Georgian house in the historic district. In typical Savannah fashion, he and his wife renovated the top three floors and now rent out the so-called basement, which is actually an attractive ground-level apartment. Tonks's shop keeps him so busy that he hardly has time to use the thirty-seven-foot boat he sailed down from the North. Asked to sum up his feelings about life in Savannah, Tonks replies in a word: "Delightful."

SAVANNAH'S delights are remarkably sensual: soft, almost sultry air; the fragrance of blooms wafting not only from the squares but from the seemingly thousands of private gardens; stately, subtly colored, lovingly tended residences and public buildings; great leafy overhangs of trees and Spanish moss; occasional unpaved streets that, although they point up the shabbiness of low-income areas, add a touch of Old South gentility to high-income ones. (The gentility can prove irritatingly out of date. When a well-meaning restorationist spread a street with old-fashioned "tabby," a mixture of oyster shells and pure lime, the lime ate right through the paint on cars. The street is now paved with shells set in concrete.)

Mild winters, hot and humid summers, and an abundance of nearby recreation areas keep Savannahians outdoors the year around. Excellent fishing and boating lie less than an hour's drive from downtown—on Wassaw Sound, the adjacent rivers, and the Atlantic itself. The Savannah River, whose sickening pollution was cleaned up after a campaign by Nader's Raiders, is again being fished. Quail and dove abound in the low country that surrounds Savannah and extends into neighboring South Carolina. As in the days of the planter aristocracy, bird hunting is the province of women as well as of men. Mrs. Betty Lee, past president of the Historic Savannah Foundation, the spearhead of the

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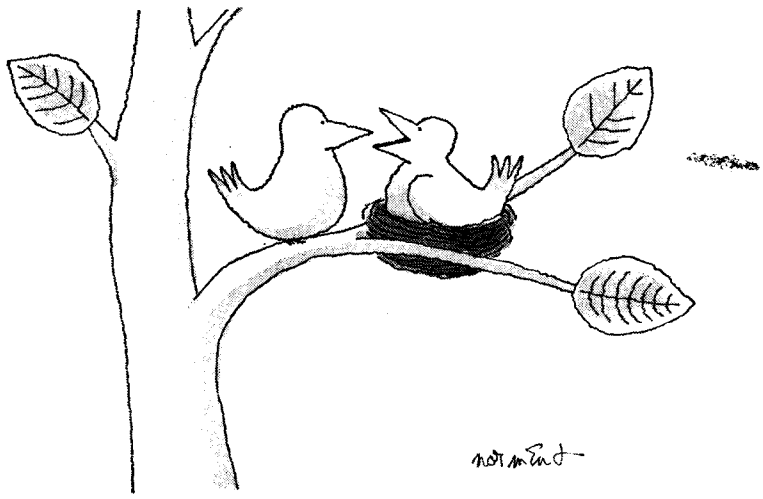
restoration movement, hunts regularly in a foursome of Savannah ladies.

Because Savannah sits on a river rather than on the coast, beaches are not immediately at hand. Savannah Beach, a drab collection of old houses and nondescript stores, lies a half hour's drive to the east. More enticing (and expensive) Hilton Head Island is an hour to the north, and the adventurous mariner can explore a fascinating assortment of other islands close by.

Although longtime residents brag about Savannah's cultural life, newcomers with a critical eye frequently find it less than satisfying. Still, the place does lay claim to a full-fledged symphony orchestra, and its handsomely housed Telfair Academy—the South's oldest art museum—is noted for a fine collection of American art. Savannah's "little theater" launched Charles Coburn and Miriam Hopkins on their careers, and it still puts on a respectable show. Among the cultural shortcomings are bad newspapers, a PBS television channel that seldom comes in clearly, and the absence of a movie theater that consistently shows high-quality foreign films. A former New Yorker complains that "nothing in the way of good outside entertainment comes here."

Savannah has mediocre public schools. While free from serious racial violence, they have been sapped by an exodus of white students. Whites whose families can afford it usually go to Savannah Country Day School, which is sufficiently integrated to keep up appearances but not so much as to frighten away white parents. (Insiders say Country Day School decided against affiliating with the Episcopal Church when a bishop made clear that the school would have to enroll a substantial number of blacks.) Many white parents who can't afford Country Day choose instead the "segregation academies"—often church-affiliated—that have sprung up in response to integration pressures on the public schools.

The city as a whole has had few overt racial problems since the public-accommodations protest of the early sixties. One reason is that Savannah exported its most effective black agitator, Hosea Williams, who became a top assistant to the late Martin Luther King, Jr., in Atlanta. Perhaps because they cannot afford the restored houses, blacks have taken little interest in Savannah's restoration efforts. A mere handful of black families live in the historic district.



"Talk about leading a sybaritic existence—this nest is completely lined with feathers."

Spurred by the destruction of the city market for a parking lot, Savannah's restoration effort began in earnest in the mid-1950s. At first the responsibilities were carried by the proverbial little old ladies. Then a dynamic old-family Savannahian named Lee Adler took over. Led by Adler, the Historic Savannah Foundation wheedled money from reluctant bankers and protective ordinances from equally reluctant municipal officials in order to purchase more than 100 architecturally valuable buildings. Unlike its Charleston counterpart, the foundation did not become directly involved in restoration; it saved buildings from certain and often imminent destruction, then found buyers who wanted them as residences or speculative ventures. In the process, two and one half square miles of downtown Savannah, including most of the squares and the city's finest buildings, became the largest historic landmark in the nation. The district is a fascinating assemblage of architectural styles: Regency, Greek Revival, Victorian, and Georgian Colonial.

Although restoration no longer stirs political passions—Mayor Rousakis is an enthusiastic restorationist—real-estate developers and other businessmen still joust periodically with what they call "Hysteric Savannah." In a bitter fight several years ago, the foundation beat back an attempt to put up high-rise buildings at the riverfront. Despite this victory, Adler and his associates still have recurring nightmares about the removal of squares, trees, and buildings in the name of progress.

Savannah bankers are now willing to make restoration loans as high as 90 percent of the cost of the project, a dramatic change from the days when Lee Adler had to beg them to advance a couple of thousand dollars for the purchase of an old hulk with prospects. Adler now hopes to lead the restoration of the city's heavily black and run-down "Victorian district," a seventy-eight-block area that abuts the historic district. Meanwhile, the city is trying to spruce up sleazy Broughton Street, the main shopping thoroughfare.

Residential restorations in Savannah are no longer the great bargain they were a few years ago, but for anyone willing to invest time and effort, as well as money, they remain a good buy. Unrestored four-story houses can cost less than $20,000. Depending on how much labor the owner himself puts in, the work of restoration will cost two to four times that much. Acquiring a historic Savannah home need not be a rich man's game. Further, expensive antique furnishings are no longer *de rigueur*. Chuck and Rosie Tallman, a couple in their mid-thirties, redid the interior of an old house according to their own tastes, with dark walls, contemporary art, and functional furniture. Eight years ago, when Tallman left a good job with IBM in New York to come to Savannah, their house cost $12,000 to buy and, because it was in "deplorable" shape, $36,000 to fix up. They could sell it now for $85,000.

They also own a house down the block. "At the time we bought that place," Tallman says, "it was a white whorehouse—four dollars for a trick and a can of Sterno. We've got a real mix around here—young people, a banker who smokes grass, and some poor folks around the corner." Savannahians savor that kind of neighborhood. It adds a welcome dash of spice to the prime ingredients of the city's livability—history, mild winters, and a knack for combining the good qualities of the Old South with those of Jimmy Carter's New South. ◉

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You Will Want To Hand Down This Masterwork To Your Children and Their Children Through The Generations

Created in the Post-Revolutionary years, the celebrated Houdon statue of George Washington is regarded as America's most valuable sculpture.

Now, commissioned by the U. S. Bicentennial Society, here is the rare opportunity of owning an authentic, cold-cast bronze casting from Houdon's original bust.

Each individually, hand-cast bust is numbered and registered, and the moulds for the limited-edition casting will be destroyed at the end of this year.

George Washington pronounced it "a verisimilitude", a truthful likeness. Lafayette exclaimed "That is the man himself!" Thousands experience Washington's presence on seeing the statue at the Capitol in Richmond, Va.

Its perfect likeness is documented by facts and opinions as complete as human testimony can furnish.

The greatest tribute of all came from Gilbert Stuart, whose portrait of an older, careworn President adorns our dollar bill. Stuart conceded that the French sculptor Jean Antoine Houdon had done a better job of capturing Washington's likeness than he had. Experts regard it as *the most valuable piece of sculpture in America.*

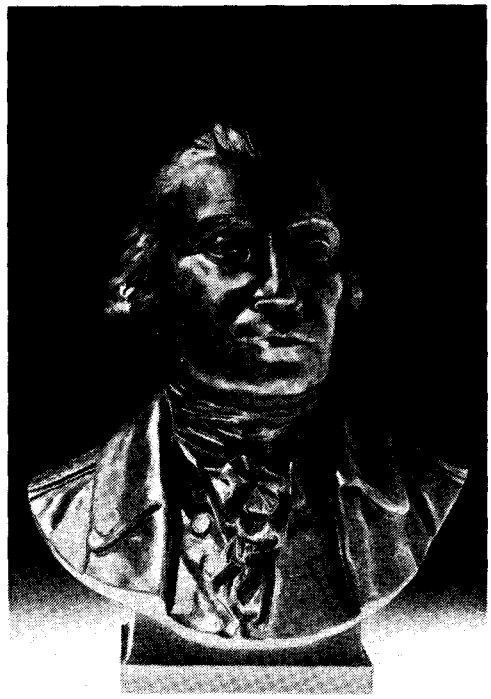
Strictly Limited Edition

The U.S. Bicentennial Society, a private non-governmental organization, has commissioned castings of Houdon's bust of George Washington. Each one is individually cast by hand in cold-cast bronze in half-life size. Each bust will be registered and numbered. This limited edition will be closed at the end of 1976.

This is your opportunity to acquire a fine, museum-quality casting of a work of great artistic merit that also conveys a significant statement of your values to your heirs.

Roles of Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin

The Virginia Legislature commissioned the statue in 1784. Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin selected the sculptor. Houdon was the logical choice. Jefferson described him as "the first statuary in the world."



Actual size: 10½ inches high, 11 pounds

Artist's Dedication Equaled Washington's

Houdon demonstrated the dedicated spirit of the one "who should hand down the figure of the General to future ages."

He abandoned his work on a statue of Louis XV of France and shelved a commission from Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. Then despite the perilous journey and despite unfamiliarity with English, he traveled with Benjamin Franklin to America to immerse himself in his subject.

Life Mask Created

The sculptor stayed in Mount Vernon for two weeks, seeking the proper pose of the General. Then to permit the capture of subtle details, Washington submitted to having a life mask taken by Houdon.

When the statue was delivered to Virginia, it received universal acclaim that is undimmed to this day.

Moulds from the Original

Each bust for this limited edition is individually cast by hand in cold-cast bronze from the casting pattern owned by The Gorham Company of Providence, Rhode Island. In 1931 Gorham cast the half-life size bust using the pattern made in 1909 from moulds taken directly from the original statue in Virginia. You will find Gorham's identifying "Q" number on the sculpture; your guarantee that the authentic Gorham casting pattern was used for the moulds in casting the bust. When the limited edition is completed, these moulds will be destroyed and will never be used again.

The bust is 10½" high and weighs 11 pounds. A notarized Certificate of Authenticity and ownership, which registers the bust by number in your name and attests to the destruction of the moulds, will accompany your bust.

Full Refund Privileges

Jefferson wrote, "a statue is not made, like a mountain, to be seen at a great distance. To perceive those minute characteristics which constitute its beauty you must be near it." The Houdon Washington bust gives you (and your heirs) that opportunity.

The price: $250.00, plus $5.95 for shipping, handling and insurance. To order, fill in the reservation form below and mail it. After the edition closes, acquisition will be possible only from original purchasers at a price they demand.

Registry numbers will be assigned according to the sequence that reservations are received. You reserve the right to return the bust at anytime within a month after receipt for a full refund of your payment (including your return shipping costs).

Mail to: Thomas Muller Rieger, Ltd.
1245 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028

A Fine Art project
of the U.S. Bicentennial Society.

Please send me the remarkable cold-cast bronze bust of George Washington bearing the lowest number available. With it I shall receive a booklet telling the entire, intriguing story of the bust plus my Certificate of Authenticity permanently registering my purchase and number with the U.S. Bicentennial Society. I understand I may return it within 30 days for a complete, unquestioned refund.

☐ Charge my American Express card account a single payment of $250.00 plus $5.95 for shipping, handling and insurance (plus sales tax, if any).

☐ I prefer to pay by check or Money Order. Enclosed is my payment of $250.00 plus $5.95 for shipping, handling and insurance (plus sales tax, if any). My return and refund privileges still apply.

American Express Card Number: _____

Date card expires _____

Cardholder's Name _____

Signature X _____

Ship to: Name _____

Address _____
(Cannot be shipped to P.O. Box)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Reservations are limited to those postmarked before the end of 1976. Registration numbers will be assigned according to the sequence that reservations are received. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Available in continental U.S.A. only, except Alaska.

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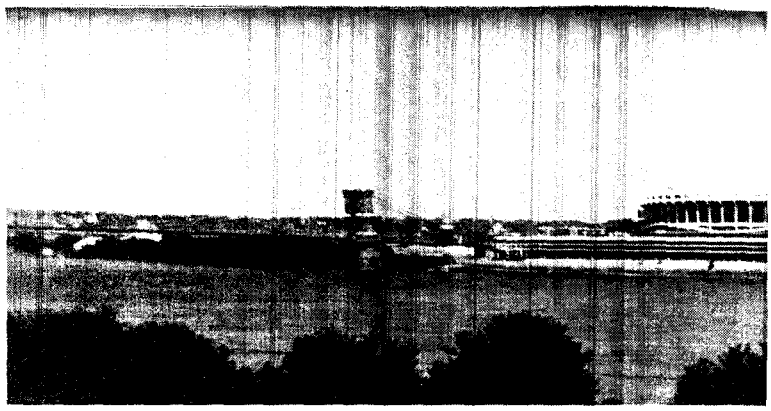
Cincinnati



Lawrence Zirl

Acropolis on a Riverbend

by William Marlin

WHEN Chicago was still a swampy portage overgrown with wild onions, Cincinnati was a boomtown of 10,000 ebullient souls by the time of its incorporation in 1819. A boomtown, though, with a difference. This was no brawny, lusty, lawless way station for people headed west. Many of those pioneers coming down the mighty Ohio River aboard the steamboats of the 1820s and 1830s just couldn't help themselves. They stayed, sank roots, sent out runners. And Cincinnati, named for the society of Revolutionary War officers set up by George Washington, turned into a primary port and provisioner, giving impetus to the westward thrust of a fledgling nation.

It was persuasively fertile soil, this forest-fringed riverbend. Hills edging up to the north, folding in and out of ravines, giving way to plateaus, created contours resembling an ancient amphitheater. It was as though, for a crucial moment, a teeming migration had been given pause by this setting and—sensing the need for permanence in human life—had set up shop, with spirit, there by the lively Public Landing.

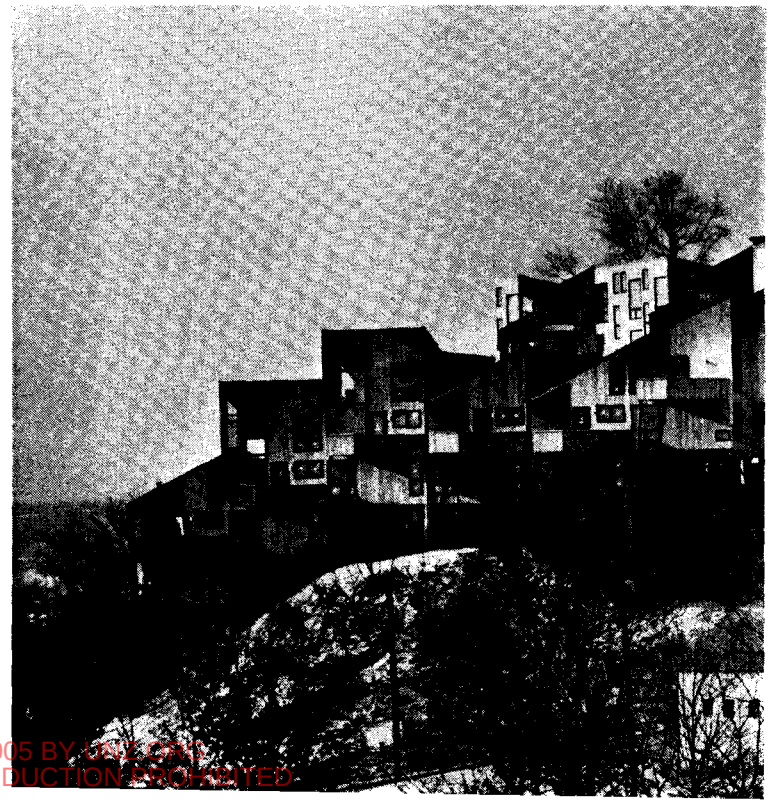
Not far away lay the undulant plains that would become the great Midwestern corn belt, the birthplace of an agricultural epoch engineered by farmhands but energized by a uniquely *urban* place. While a whole hinterland began raising crops, city hands were raising sights. Commodities were bartered for ideas in a kind of nonstop agora. By 1850, this Athens (Cincinnati was boastfully compared to the Greek original) had 118,000 people. Economic prowess, cultural vitality, and civic conscience had created, more than an agora, an acropolis of activity that, to this day, leavens material means with moral imagination.

Now numbering about 453,000 people, the city discloses both the precision and the passion of craftsmanship subtly tinted with contrasts of terrain and tradition. Though first settled in the late 1780s by Americans of English descent, the most indelible influence on Cincinnati was the inundation of Germans fleeing oppression and turmoil. Seeing this serene semblance of the Rhineland as their steamboats rounded the bend, these Germans, among them many German Jews, started celebrating right away with art, music, and a sauerbraten-rich mix of public architecture, with fests and beer gardens, and an expansion of the city up into the hills. After the arrival of the steam locomotive and electric trolleys, no incline was too steep; by the end of the nineteenth century it was difficult to tell where streets, houses, and neighborhoods left off and where nature began. Economic power kept pace with public enthusiasm. Indeed, for a time Cincinnati outranked even Chicago as the city with the country's biggest train terminal, which worked in tandem with the already busy riverport.

From the standpoint of the city's economic history, diverse industry has proved to be a source of stability. During the Depression, about the time that the then-unemployed Winston Churchill pronounced it America's most beautiful inland city, most people there were gainfully employed making all kinds of products. The reason Cincinnati wasn't hit as hard as most other American cities were during this time of hardship is that Cincinnati, with a couple of exceptions, never went in for so-called heavy industry. Thus the impact of financial blows to specific industries has never seriously shaken the city economically. This underscores the thesis of urbanist Jane Jacobs, who believes that a potpourri of small businesses is essential to the continued vitality of a city's economy, social stability, and cultural interest. Cincinnati has always been a machine-and-tool town, a place of tradesmen, shopkeepers, pork packers, and food processors; a center where pianos, playing cards, airplane engines, tin cans, and household appliances are manufactured. And soap. What household, even in the Depression, could do without the products of Proctor & Gamble?

So Cincinnati, with its diversity, has kept right on turning

Norman McGrath



William Marlin, co-editor of this section, is associate editor of Architectural Record, *architecture and urban-design critic for* The Christian Science Monitor, *and a frequent contributor to the columns of* Saturday Review.

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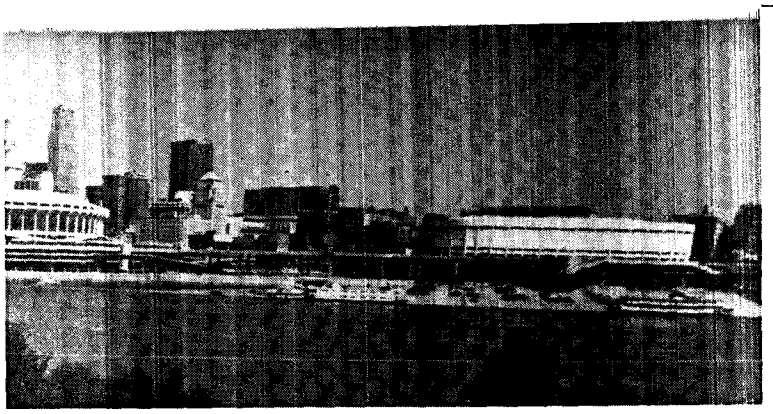


things out, all the while building symbols of faith that the going would stay good. In 1933, as Roosevelt was unleashing the New Deal, the new, nationally acclaimed Union Terminal was opened, resplendent with Art Deco lounges and concourses covered with colorful murals depicting stalwart, muscle-bound workers. The terminal was virtually a city in microcosm, its vivacious volume enfolding varied functions—a kind of way station you didn't want to leave. Today it's a ghost town. Although Amtrak has backtracked somewhat on its decision to pull out completely, the city is still scratching its head about possible new uses for the terminal along cultural or educational lines. The national craze for recycling old depots has yet to be effected in Cincinnati; the catalyst is missing, which has many local preservationists worried. But never fear, cultural concern for Union Terminal is not about to fade. Neither is rising public sentiment that many of the city's other landmarks, like the boarded-up Albee Theater downtown, should be recycled to give the texture of time to proposed development.

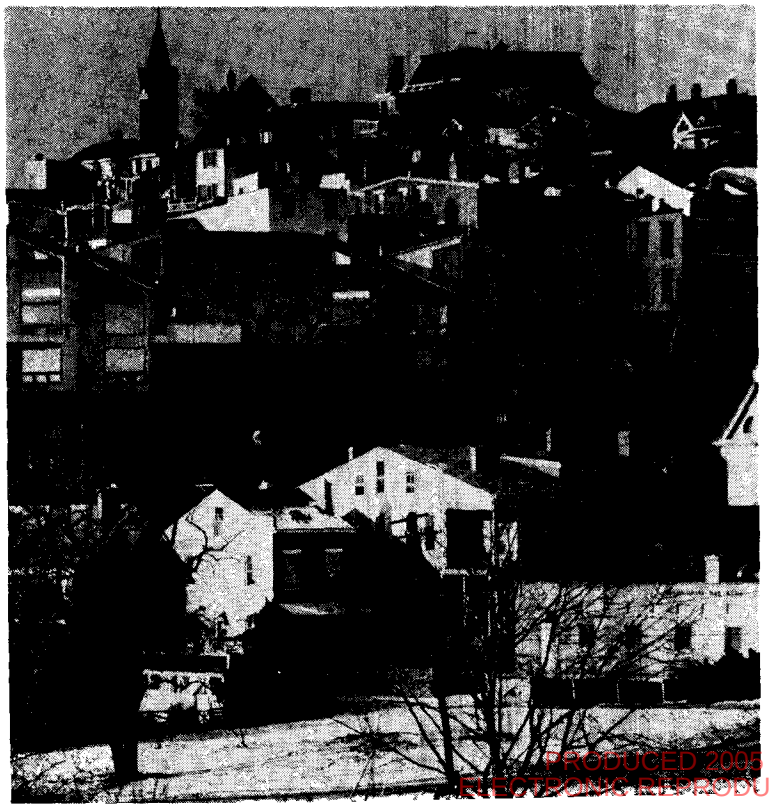
The city's two major newspapers, the *Cincinnati Post* and the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, serve up cultural commentary as spicily blended and ravenously consumed as the native chili, which is unlike chili anywhere else. Though generally loyal to the dominant family-owned fiefdoms that have come to rule local business and politics (a reform-minded coalition stemming from the Charterite movement of the 1920s), the papers have been known, especially in the last few years, to slap wrists and crack heads when corporate or political obstinacy gets in the way of preserving the city's unique qualities. A few years ago, when the federal government, which controls the waterway, decided to scrap the venerable, ornate *Delta Queen* riverboat, local screams (picked up by national critics) were heard all the way to Congress, and the boat was saved. Now a new sister vessel, the *Mississippi Queen*, is helping to revive a "showboat" spirit on the city's riverbanks. Plying the waters south to New Orleans or north to the Twin Cities, these enchanting ambassadors are once more making Cincinnati a symbol of inland unity.

If the local citizenry has a certain smug pride in the city's accomplishments, as has been suggested, one can scarcely blame them. Other cities are on the skids because their inhabitants don't seem to care about pitching in to improve things or, when criticism crops up from outside, to defend things. Although some call it provincialism, it's an attitude more cities should share. Leading the emergent national interest in rehabilitating old neighborhoods, Cincinnati is busy bringing life back into the beaten paths and byways, restoring scores of old houses and sparking new boutiques, bistros, galleries, and restaurants. Cincinnatians of a broad income range are rediscovering old districts—Mt. Auburn, Mt. Adams, Over-the-Rhine, and West End, for example—that were at rock bottom not so many years ago.

To its credit, the city is beginning to listen to the sentiments of its articulate neighborhood leaders, although there is still some friction with the downtown business community, which fears that too much attention to the neighborhoods would divert resources needed to bring the central business district back to full power.

Yet it is the vitality and physical integrity of these neighborhoods that will best assure the resurgence of downtown. Mt. Adams is compelling evidence. Clinging to the steepest hill of all, its meandering streets and magnificent trees frame views of the river and of the city's center. Most of the frame buildings here are multifamily working-class structures over seventy years old, which, until the early sixties, were a stable enclave for low-income whites. Faced with an influx of Appalachian whites and blacks from nearby "renewal" projects, the longtime inhabitants began leaving. But Mt. Adams had things going for it. Arts and crafts had made it a creative, almost bohemian, oasis; shops specializing in pottery thrived, and the number of taverns soared. Surrounded by ravines and new highways that can take one downtown in minutes, the district also contains the 185-acre Eden Park (out of 3,000 park-acres laced throughout the city proper), the Art Museum, Natural History Museum, the popular Playhouse-in-the-Park, a planetarium, and the interesting remnants of an old incline—one of several that pulled city residents up from downtown in former days.

Not only are old buildings being fixed up here, beckoning wealthier suburbanites to give up their distant digs and move back into town, but also new, sensitively scaled housing has been created. The "Cloisters," designed by Hardy



Mt. Adams—"Clinging to the steepest hill of all, its streets and magnificent trees frame views of the river and the city's center."

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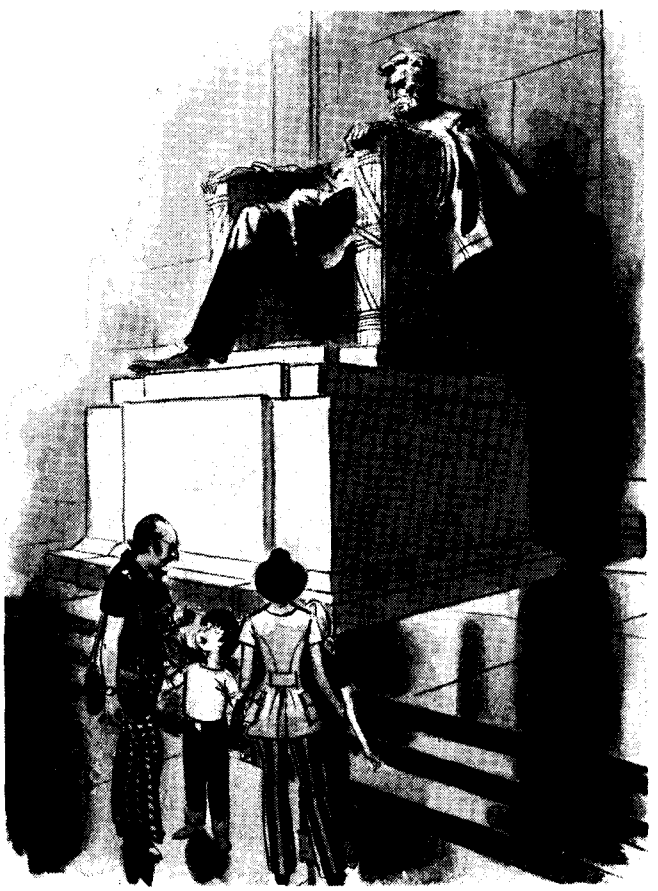
Holzman Pfeiffer Associates of New York, is one of the nation's best examples of housing designed to enhance what already exists. Mt. Adams, really a joy, has convinced other neighborhoods that they, too, can come to terms with their heritage and renovate existing structures for continued use.

The Over-the-Rhine area, too, is experiencing something of a comeback, despite unbridled demolition in recent years. Located in the bowl-like area near the riverfront, called the Basin, it contains the refurbished Findlay Market and, nearby, a community-oriented center for recreation and counseling that has been carefully wedged in between existing buildings, many of which are being restored (as they should be) for housing. Grim back alleys have been converted into bright playgrounds replete with swings, slides, plenty of kids, and appropriate landscaping. It all demonstrates renewed confidence in what was once called, by John Gunther, one of the nation's most insufferable slums.

Along with attempts to keep existing housing and streetscapes intact, there are also concerted efforts under way to preserve the old hills. The Cincinnati Institute, headed by E. Pope Coleman, has conducted a survey of the area's topography with some help from the National Endowment for the Arts, establishing specific design and planning recommendations. The intent is not to discourage new construction but to encourage a more congenial, less intrusive relationship between new and old. E. Pope Coleman is one of those local leaders who, according to *Cincinnati Post* writer David Bowes, wields more clout by working effectively behind the scenes, getting opposing forces together, quietly producing a closer alignment of attitude and approach by which the city in general can benefit.



"Who appointed him?"

Even more conspicuous are the efforts of Charles P. Taft, son of President William Howard Taft. From the 1920s, Taft, an indispensable fixture of the reformist Charterite movement, has helped congeal the resources of the city's business community in an effort to effect a downtown renaissance. In the early sixties, $150 million was voted to get this project off the ground, beginning with $10 million for a convention and exhibition hall. New high rises went up, overhead pedestrian walkways were flung across plazas and streets, and an underground parking garage was built beneath Fountain Square, which is about to be expanded on its south edge with a multi-use development that has a major flaw—the demolition of the old Albee. The new Contemporary Arts Center opened, and a $40-million stadium for the legendary Cincinnati Reds was constructed. This resurgence has succeeded in bringing back some of the bravado of the early Public Landing days.

The Landing itself is being refurbished, too. Reaching out across the Ohio River to Kentucky, a sinewy cable bridge, built in the late 1860s by the Roebling brothers, clamps on to and claims some of the spirit of the South. One of nine bridges servicing the metropolitan area, it served as a feasibility study for the builders' more renowned Brooklyn Bridge, in New York. A much more recent span is supported by a huge yellow arch, which resembles a McDonald's sign. Cincinnatians cross these bridges quite often, though not as often as people with a ribald sense of humor often suggest, because of the porn-belt reputation of northern Kentucky cities, like Newport. Just as good a reason for crossing the river is that from the opposite bluffs and shoreline, travelers get an enthralling view of one of the loveliest cityscapes in the country.

Cincinnati, from the start, was a place to settle. And so it remains, except around August, when it gets hot and humid to an unholy extreme. Otherwise, its people enjoy a civil climate. Although smog alerts have been known to occur and the water doesn't always taste quite as good as it looks, natural elements are, for the most part, in good shape here. The terrain, with its trees, helps create a positive relationship between everyday life, the hills, and the river. Coming home from places like Michigan after the August blast is over, Cincinnatians begin celebrating all over again, working hard, as they always have, taking up hammers and buzz saws to continue the retrieval of the old neighborhoods, and taking up, too, expanded expectations in their City Council.

Mr. Taft, an adamant apostle of Progress—he gets sore when "crazies" suggest that architectural restoration should be part of the downtown progress he has helped direct—will take to his well-worn chair and dispense opinions out of a sense of duty. He's one of the last of the early reformers, whose overall accomplishments egg on younger men and women who are convinced that the era of reform in Cincinnati has just begun. Cutaways will occur, perhaps, in the great remodeled Music Hall—a monument to the cultural sentiments of J. Ralph Corbett, who made his fortune in kitchen appliances. Then cutoffs will be seen, too, when Indian summer beckons people into the streets and squares. There's Pigalle's for French cuisine and, as always, the Empress or the Skyline for a Four Way—that unique accretion of chili, spaghetti, onions, and cheese. After experiencing the Queen City, as Longfellow called it, there is no way to believe that the country's urban era is over. ◉

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San Diego

A Southern California Paradise Not Yet Lost

by Roger Montgomery

San Diego is the good Los Angeles. Here the Southern California paradise still exists—worked over, perhaps, but not destroyed. Perfect climate with little smog, a desert oasis by the sea, a sparkling blue bay, miles of beach, rugged mountains, the sun, of course, and the feel of the air—these beauties make the region a paradise. They make living in San Diego a continuous sensuous experience.

Out of the blue bay, downtown rises to glisten in the sun, a compact clutch of banks, hotels, and government office buildings. Bordering the bay are the other chief components of San Diego's economy: the U.S. Pacific Fleet and its support structures, the airport, and a major chunk of California's aerospace empire. Here we find, too, the pleasure industry in the form of thousands of sailboats and dozens of vacation motels. With the high, protective ridge of Point Loma walling off the Pacific and offering a foil for man's works, San Diego Bay registers as a perfectly scaled center for a subtropical seacoast city.

Pinwheeling away from the bay stretch two long arms of beach, one toward Mexico, the other toward Los Angeles. Miles and miles of fine white sand are open to everyone. In contrast to the water of most of California, the ocean here is warm enough—and the tides and waves benign enough—for year-round swimming. The southern arm forms the bay's barrier beach. The navy and the beachfront parks dominate this low sandspit, and the great wooden Victorian pile of the Hotel Del Coronado (now partly dwarfed by a tight jumble of high-rise condominiums) gives it focus. In the direction of Los Angeles, the carefully lifeguarded beaches articulate a sequence of oceanfront communities. From Point Loma, low-lying small-scale older places string out toward La Jolla, the fashionable, environmentally spectacular high point of this coast, now blighted by the worst high-rise condominium in Southern California.

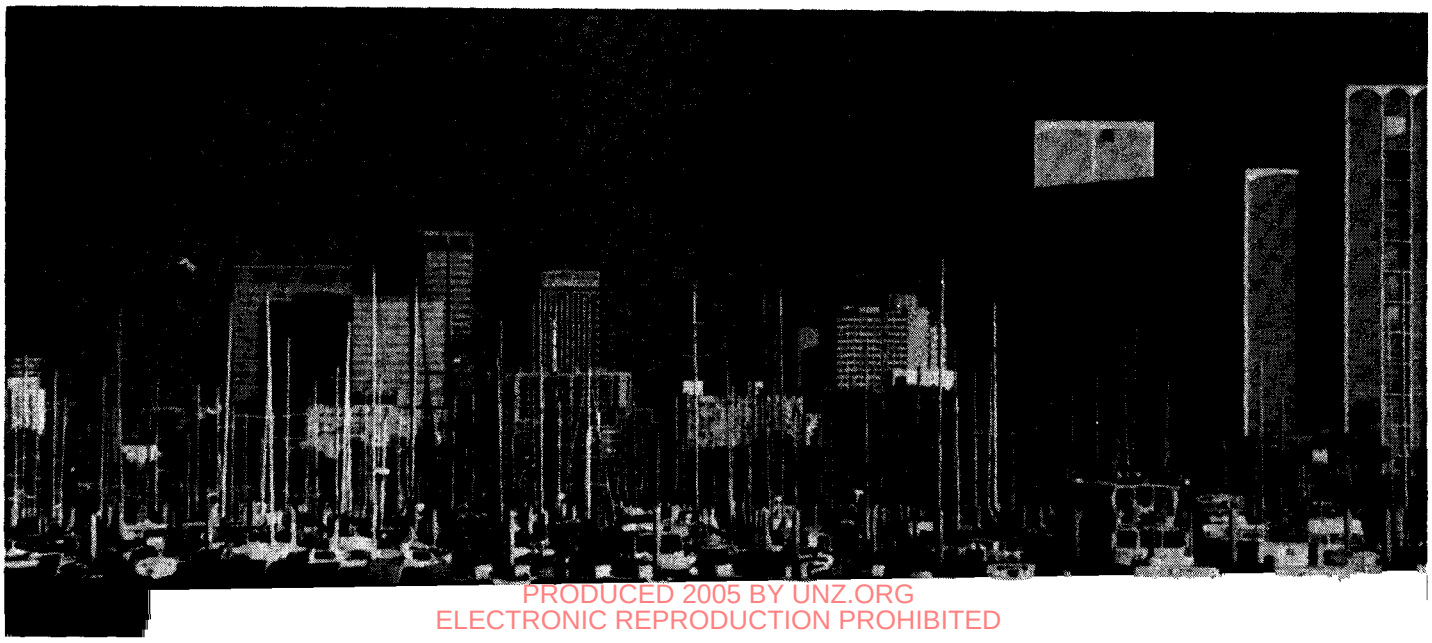
Beyond La Jolla, monuments punctuate the cliffs above the ocean. First, the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Above it, Jonas Salk's incomparable temple to science, the Institute of Biological Sciences—masterwork of the late Louis Kahn—broods over the Pacific. Next door, on the high cliffs of Torrey Pines, hang-glider maniacs try to outdo the Western gulls. And across the coastal highway rises the University of California in San Diego—an oasis of the mind clothed in some of the jazziest designs to be found in a region noted for architectural jazz.

Behind the old beachfront neighborhoods is one of the marvels of San Diego: the man-made pleasure park called Mission Bay. Four thousand acres—five times the size of Central Park (and altogether different)—this park epitomizes the way San Diegans manage and use their environment. A tidal estuary and salt marsh have been dredged and filled to make miles of clean sand beach that snake around basins of blue seawater. What others might have seen as a pestilential swamp or the region's richest, most productive aquatic habitat, San Diegans—with the help of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers—have transformed into a safe, sanitary, highly commercial center of human hedonism. Note well the results of this transformation. It turned the natural landscape into a human-use recreational resource. It splendidly orchestrated a partnership of public enterprise and private management to maximize both profits and pleasure. It depended heavily on investment dollars straight out of the U.S. Treasury. Obvious tensions exist in this characteristic pattern. Modern environmentalists question a hedonism that wages genocidal campaigns on wildlife and its habitat. Public-private partnerships systematically succumb to greed in endless permutations. Federal economic development tends to support aerospace, not earth space. But when it works, this pattern can produce splendid results.

Going inland from Mission Bay Park, the landscape of

Roger Montgomery is professor of city planning at the University of California, Berkeley, and co-author of several architectural guidebooks to the West Coast.

San Diego's waterfront—"Out of the blue bay rises a compact clutch of buildings." Photographs: Richard L. Allman



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Balboa Park—"Mesas and canyons just above downtown, masterfully planned pleasure ground."

the San Diego region spreads north toward the Los Angeles–Orange County hinterland, east and south toward the Arizona-Mexico Sonora Desert, Baja, and Tijuana. The older, inhabited part is a tableland, or mesa, between sea and mountain. Dry streambed canyons crease it deeply. The soil is thin, water nearly nonexistent, and vegetation low, sparse, scrubby, and dull. What natural green there is lies in the canyon bottoms. When watered, however, and cultivated a bit, the desert blooms. Any hose bib or sprinkler head creates an oasis. Water from the Colorado River, 200 miles to the east, and from the Feather River, 500 miles away in Northern California, is pumped to San Diego to support ornamental horticulture.

The inner-city neighborhoods are like older parts of Los Angeles, except smaller, a trifle less well-to-do-looking, and pleasantly interrupted by occasional deep canyon crevasses. The houses are bungalows. The people are Californian, a mixture of Anglo and Oriental, black and brown, here strongly pitched toward the Anglo and brown. The ghetto, such as it is, lies south and east of downtown, again just as in Los Angeles. (The real ghetto, though, lies farther south, across the border, in Tijuana, Mexico.) These older areas are spacious, clean, and quiet. Here older, serviceable, but no longer fashionable houses can be had for as little as $25,000, less than half the asking price of the average San Diego home today.

Freeways, the trademark of Southern California, have expanded the city into hundreds and hundreds of square miles of empty dry land and have welded it into the regional megalopolis. These roads have enormous capacity, truly Los Angelean, and in San Diego never seem very crowded. They have scattered new communities generously across the region. Some, close to La Jolla, for instance, key into the earlier city well. Others, the Mira Mesa area in particular, exhibit acutely the more troublesome attributes of unplanned sprawl. Here thousands of houses appeared almost overnight, without schools, transportation, parks, or fire stations. Exploitation made a mockery of the Southern California life-style. These houses did offer reasonable shelter for the dollar, though; and even today new houses in Mira Mesa go for around $45,000. In contrast, a carefully planned development like Rancho Bernardo offers in splendid perfection the Southern California dream. As at Westlake and Irvine, nearer Los Angeles, to the north, water from far away turns the desert into green golf courses ringed by stylish condominiums and ranch houses. Their prices are stylish, too, from $60,000 to $70,000 on up—mostly up.

Miles of open land still separate these freeway communities. It is unmistakably Southern California. This region stretches south from Santa Barbara, along the Pacific, 200 miles to Mexico. The enormous conurbation of Los Angeles lies in the middle. San Diego occupies the bottom forty miles of this coast. A million and a half people live in its official metro area, half of them within the city limits. Since 1970, 200,000 people have moved into the area. This rate of in-migration has held constant for some years. People expect it to continue. This means 2 million people by 1985.

In common with the rest of Southern California, San Diego has benefited enormously from federal-budget priorities. Decades of national commitment built and maintained the Pacific Fleet. Similar motives established an aircraft industry and the related electronic, space, and research complex. The federal government paid for most of the freeways and harbor works. San Diego's economy derives directly from the national treasury, a fact that seems ironic, given the city's well-justified reputation for political conservatism.

All this federal aid hides behind the more visible commercial life. The Yankee-trader spirit pervades San Diego as it does all other American cities. Alonzo Erastus Horton, in 1867, seizing on the development potential of San Diego Bay, financed an election to give the sleepy San Diego Mission settlement a government that in turn could sell him its bayside land. Here he planted his town, gave away lots for starters, whitewashed its few buildings so they would look inviting to seafarers, and literally stole the county records from the old Mission settlement to make his land the county seat. Each time the lots between his house and the town center got built up, he would move another notch uptown and get more land on the market. Alonzo Erastus Horton's spirit still lives.

The most critical development issue in modern San Diego history occurred in the late 1950s, when those modern Yankee traders, the L.A. shopping-center promoters, hit town. They struck fast to develop green Mission Valley, largest and lushest of the city's canyons, which runs east from the coast, paralleling the pre-car part of the city. In less than twenty years a space eleven miles long and a mile wide was paved with twelve east-west and twenty-two north-south freeway lanes, shopping centers, convention motels, satellite offices, a giant sports stadium, miles of service roads and parking lots, and all the rest of the roadside miscellany so dear to America. It has emptied the stores in the central business district, probably prevented development of a convention center downtown, where it belongs, and driven the city into an ill-advised 1950s-style urban-renewal project that can only further waste the center. The project is named for Horton. He would have loved it.

One voice stood out against Mission Valley development, a voice that has changed the city's consciousness. Edwin and Gloria Self's *San Diego Magazine* fought its most daring campaign against this rip-off. The journal struggled alone. San Diego TV, radio, and newspapers certainly fit the general Southern California mold—conservative localist organs functioning primarily as an adjunct of consumption and development. *San Diego Magazine* stands out as a unique

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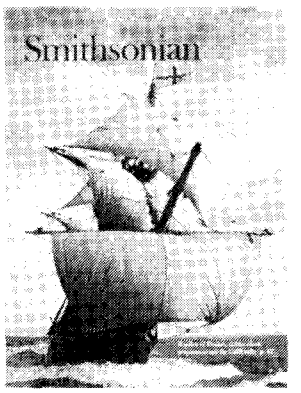

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media force. Protected by formidable advertising support, this remarkable personal journal has for twenty-eight years fought the good battle.

The downtown eclipsed by Mission Valley remains an employment center for private financial institutions and government operations. Thanks to the navy, it boasts one lively and colorful retail district, on Fifth Avenue from Broadway three blocks toward the water. Here the sailor trade supports the cleanest, most shipshape string of tattoo shops, massage parlors, and porno-book stores in the nation. These shops have preserved the only group of fine turn-of-the-century commercial architecture in town. Whether they will last much longer seems problematical. The area, locally called the Gas Lamp Quarter, looks to many in the city like a prime target for urban renewal. Too bad.

Central San Diego's real jewel is green Balboa Park and Zoo, not its business center. On the mesa and canyons just above downtown, happy crowds wander through this masterfully planned pleasure ground. Next door to the zoo, carefully maintained remains of two world's fairs form another unmatched outdoor setting for public life. Among the youth, inner-city folk, Chicanos, and out-of-town visitors mingling in this urbane place, a well-turned-out Tijuana family reacted, "Balboa is the most beautiful park in the world. It refreshes our nerves."

This Mexican family symbolized an important component of this unique place: it spans two countries and two cultures. Tijuana is part of the metropolis, a growing part, one that within a couple of decades will hold more people than San Diego proper. These people bring the wealth of the Indian, Spanish colonial, and Mexican worlds within everyone's reach. What other U.S. metropolis offers bullfights? And what other metropolis can so neatly export its poverty problems?

A set of values that educator Sam Bass Warner, Jr., calls "privatism" dominates life in American cities. Privatism has three dimensions. Psychologically, it means individual happiness through independence and wealth; socially, it means loyalty to self and family, not community; politically, it means government limited to peacekeeping and helping people accumulate wealth. San Diego and the rest of Southern California epitomize privatism: the lonely surfer at sea waiting for that big one, the off-the-road driver striking out across the desert in his four-wheel-drive vehicle, the single-family detached house, the air-conditioned sedan with one occupant on the freeway. This commitment to the private life may partly explain why San Diego offers such a rich recreational world but so little traditional urban culture. In tandem with the absence of a traditional social elite, privatism fits with surfing, riding, golfing, but not with the communal exercise necessary to produce high culture. The county has more horses than any other U.S. county and probably more golf courses, too, but it is weak in museums, music, and the circles of writers, artists, and performers so necessary to sustain the arts, which is not to deny the presence of a long-lived Shakespeare repertory company and an emergent opera company.

"I certainly hope you're not going to have any naked women on the dust jacket."

"Clean air, terrific recreation, and an easy ride to work convinced us," explained a suburban La Mesa couple who recently came to San Diego from Glendale, near central Los Angeles. They typify the people who have made the city grow so fast. Most of the new migrants come from elsewhere in California, mainly from nearer the center of the Southern California megalopolis. Now settled, the newcomers have joined many older San Diegans in realizing how fragile and threatened their paradise is.

Pete Wilson, the city's charismatic young mayor, personifies this new spirit. In two successful election campaigns he has demonstrated the political power of environmental issues. Though a Republican, Wilson has triggered an ambitious growth-management effort that to succeed must impose limits on private-property rights. The mayor saw the danger from "local government officials who defaulted . . . and allowed land-use decisions to be made by the marketplace." In explaining his policies, he observes, "The critical point . . . is that though growth may be inevitable, the way in which growth occurs is by no means inevitable. . . . Simply allowing the market to determine whether growth occurs —whether for a home site or a factory site—may involve extreme costs to the community, costs which must be calculated over the long term not just in their environmental consequences but in their economic, tax, and social consequences."

Through growth management, Pete Wilson and San Diego may have their cake and eat it. They may hang on to their Southern Californian single-house and automobile life-style while avoiding the horrors of its earlier manifestations to the north. "We don't want to be another sprawled-out Los Angeles monster," said Wilson during his campaign. He has inherited and added to a large and expert technical bureaucracy who believe they can do the job with the help of newfangled controls over things like petroleum-based paint solvents. (The data indicate appreciable amounts of reactive hydrocarbons coming from house paint.) These efforts get a big push from vigorous citizen participation, a response to past environmental disasters and some city-hall prodding. Together the citizenry and the mayor seem to have avoided the monster and to be making the Southern California idea work. San Diego really represents a Mark II version of Los Angeles—cleaner, more controlled, and fiercely dedicated to providing quantities of public landscape for a private people—a paradise not yet lost. ◉

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Award-winning photos will be featured in SR's November 13, 1976 issue.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is for amateur photographers only. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and members of their families.
2. Pictures, which convey a feeling of travel, must have been taken after September 10, 1975, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.
b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
c. Developing and printing must be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
d. No negatives should be submitted.
e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
c. Color prints must be no larger than 8 x 10 unmounted.
d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 50 cents in stamps or coins. Do not send self-addressed envelopes.
5. Saturday Review reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not. While every effort will be made to ensure safe return of entries, for your own protection, please do not send us entries which have not been duplicated. Saturday Review assumes no obligation for return or loss of any photographs.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two entries (black-and-white and/or color) to this magazine's Travel Photography Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 10, 1976, to be eligible for judging.
IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures may be submitted by any one entrant.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality, originality in choice and treatment of subject, and the sense of travel they reflect. The decision of the judges will be final.
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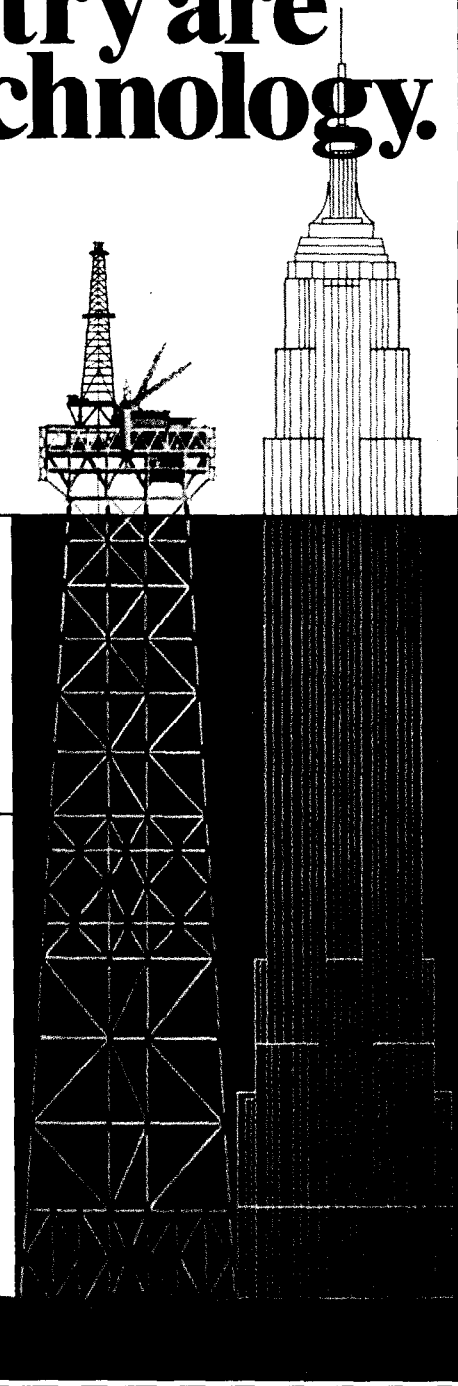

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Energy for a s

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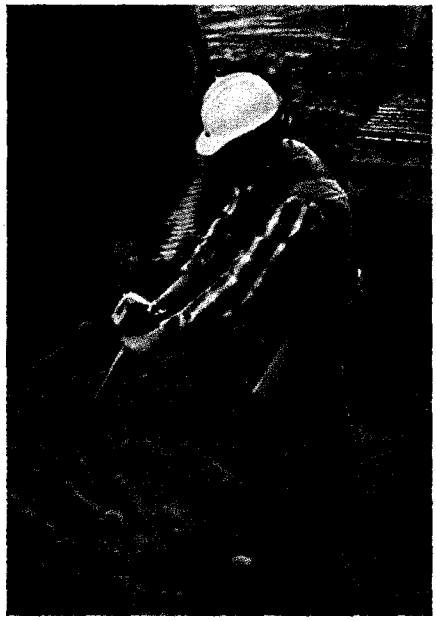

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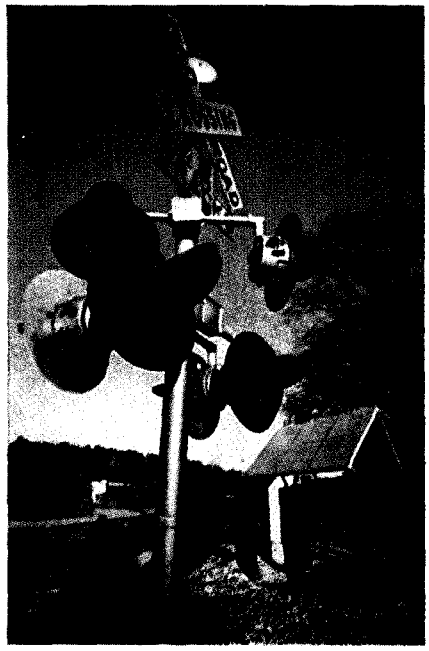
This synthetic fuels technology is a new application of similar technology being used by Exxon for refining oil. It's also a good example of how Exxon's experience in one energy area is being put to work in another.



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rong America

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And if you think the stuff you see is hurting you, it's nothing compared to the stuff you don't see.

Altogether, their pollution is killing 15,000 people in this country every year. (Not our statistics. An estimate from the National Academy of Sciences.)

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But laws alone don't stop giant corporations from polluting. Unless the penalties are high enough.

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1776

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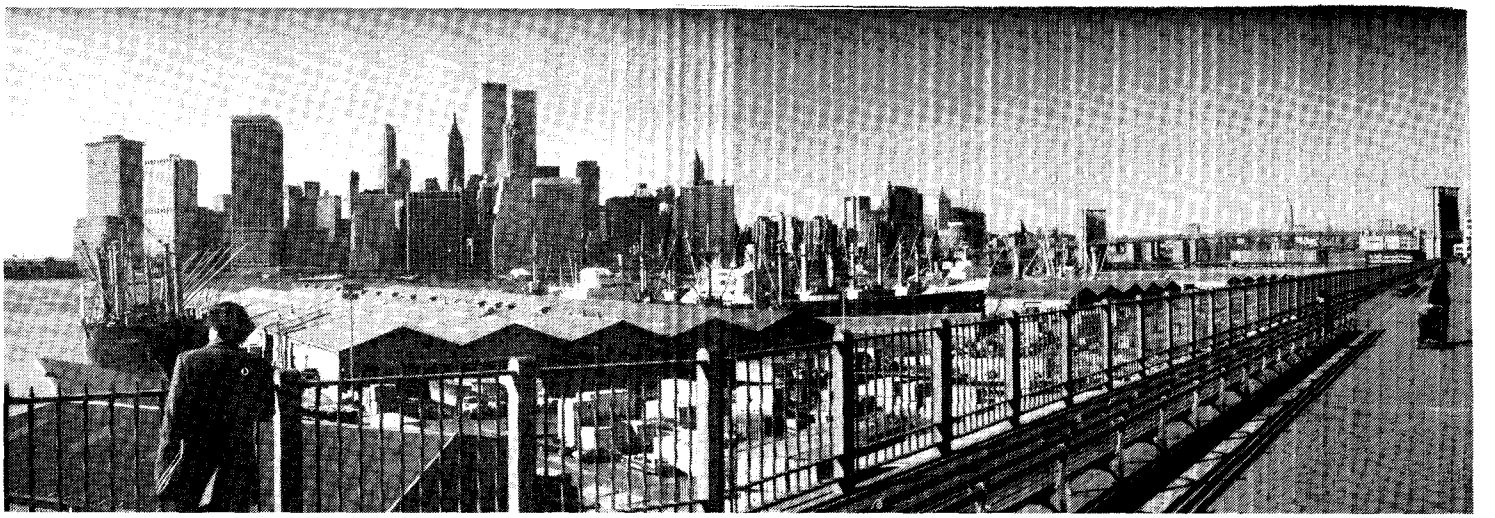

Nathaniel Lieberman

Cities on the Comeback Trail

From New York to San Francisco, the Auguries Are Good

"SEATTLE, you say. Cincinnati and Minneapolis? San Diego! Are these really the most livable cities in America? And by the way, Savannah isn't all mint juleps and mint restorations." Word for word, that is one bona fide urbanite's response to *SR*'s choices. "What about Portland, Oregon?" the man insisted. "And for that matter, take a look at Portland, Maine. And what a laughingstock you're going to be, leaving out San Francisco and Boston—two of the most sensitively scaled, culturally vibrant cities around."

Well, there you have it. Sparks flying. Yet no one's choices for the most livable cities in America are quite as important as this one overriding element: cities in general are making the most courageous choice of all. There is a comeback in the works. And in the context of economic, social, and cultural development, this urban comeback could be one of the most profound events in our nation's history. The very forces that impelled the massive decentralization of cities in the years following World War II, with people moving by the millions from both urban centers and outlying farmlands, passing like ships in the night of suburbia, are now impelling renewal of those same urban centers from which the well off fled and toward which the less well off gravitated. Suburbia's children are coming home. The farmlands have sprouted bright cities of their own. Once-wee rural towns are growing while, at the other end of the spectrum, rehabilitation of existing districts is proceeding in over half of the country's 260 cities that have a population of 50,000 or more. Once-wretched business districts are blossoming with bold people-pulling developments, displaying a profusion of things to do and to buy. Could this be the "urban crisis"?

► Even in NEW YORK CITY, where sheer enormity consumed so much humanity, there is a resurgence of neighborhood pride, a rediscovery of the quality and character of long-abused streets and parks, and a sustained attempt to recover old buildings for continued life. In Greenwich Village and nearby SoHo, in Brooklyn Heights and Park Slope, brownstones, loft structures—soiled but salvageable—are bouncing with breadwinners. Theater is thriving, and restaurants. Sophisticated zoning and urban-design guidelines, already inspiring reform in other cities, are helping gear the scale of new structures and the mix of uses within them to existing circumstances in order to enhance the city's inherent diversity and richness of experience.

► SAN FRANCISCO, that Paris with hills, is similarly strong at the neighborhood level, with restoration and rehabilitation having become a virtual civic ethic. Varied purposes and predilections rub elbows as people saunter on refurbished streets and squares, invigorated by a congenial climate.

► BOSTON, the *grande dame* of American cities, is a lot more swinging and outspoken than she ever used to be. Here, too, a mutually sympathetic relationship is being developed between old structural resources, such as the restored Fanueil Hall market, stretching from the Government Center to a reclaimed waterfront, and such new creations as the Center itself. Old housing stock, like the row houses of the South End, are being beefed up in almost all sections of town. New towers bristle with optimism, like the new Federal Reserve Bank, springing up alongside the old South Station. Washington Street, down in the shopping district, is preparing for a many-faceted, multilayered retail complex called Lafayette Place. H. H. Richardson's Trinity Church, on Copley Square, in the Back Bay area, is now reflected in the sheer skyscraping glass walls of the Hancock Tower, and, a little farther west, the new Christian Science Center contemplates a pool 700 feet long.

► Demographic studies indicate that a hefty share of the country's urban growth is taking place in the South and the Southwest, and you couldn't find a more vibrant example of this trend than ATLANTA, where architect and entrepreneur John Portman has wrought a revolution in center-city design with his Peachtree Center complex, including the shimmering cylinder of the seventy-story Peachtree Plaza Hotel. Other clumps of futuristic construction, like the Omni Center, hoist monumental walls and translucent roofs around and over one of the largest indoor spaces ever created—

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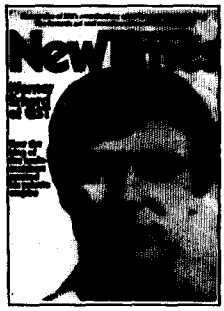

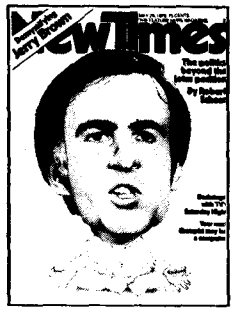

Remember folks, you saw it first...

A lot of NEW TIMES stories were firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.

We were the first national magazine to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)

The new wave of doubt about the JFK assassination started in NEW TIMES, with stories like the one that showed there had to be several Oswalds. We were the first national magazine to tell the world that those little aerosol cans could be the death of us all. We put *est* (Erhard Seminars Training) in the public eye. We reported the murder trials of Peter Reilly and Joan Little long before they hit the front pages. And so it goes.

What's happening around here?

NEW TIMES, more than any other magazine, is plugged into now. It's the magazine of what's happening, and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and all manner of rare new ideas.

We investigated the medical benefits of marijuana...tried to make sense of the Psychobabble that's drowning us all...dissected the Great American Bicentennial Sale...dug into the yearly orgiastic revels of a country fair...looked into what happens when single grandparents are forced to live in sin to avoid losing their pensions...ran the first-anywhere story on doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for kickbacks...found the real Mr. Goodbar of the singles' bar murders.

And of course, in every issue we're catching rock, movies, books, fads, and fatuities with the kind of brash, fresh viewpoint you aren't going to find in the other magazines.

If you really care what's happening in America in 1976, you're going to get into NEW TIMES.

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replete with skating rinks, an amusement park, and offices looking across the voluptuous void at hotel suites.

► In a similar spirit, HOUSTON, that old Spindletop of a town, is gushing with construction. Developer Gerald Hines, an unassuming titan of taste, has reared the Pennzoil Place downtown, designed by Philip Johnson, to help anchor what was, ten years ago, a practically deserted streetscape. Outside downtown, at his Galleria complex—mixing stores, shops, and hotel facilities around a cavernous, skylit interior mall—Hines has given delightful definition, and an almost saucy sense of place, to the otherwise amorphous atmosphere of the freeway-befuddled suburban region around it. This is a far cry from the old days when urban decisions were decided over games of poker at the Shamrock Hotel.

► Texas is fairly brimming with urban innovation. SAN ANTONIO, with its retrieved winding riverfront and the nearby Prince William Street district, is an ebullient place to be, and AUSTIN, with its landscaped escarpments and hills, has undertaken an important housing-rehabilitation program.

► At the heartland of America, more than corn on the cob is being raised. Sights are. KANSAS CITY, with its new Crown Center, is quickly becoming a magnet for a cultural life as surpassing in its unpretentious style as in its economic vigor. TULSA is landscaping its riverfront and downtown streets. DES MOINES is turning into an unbeatable mix of cultural, educational, and good old down-home business activity. MADISON, WIS., is restoring its leafy residential districts, linking the state capitol and the lakefront with an expansive esplanade. MILWAUKEE is taking over abandoned railroad districts and seedy adjacent areas, starting work on a downtown-redevelopment program that in ten years will rival any in the nation for social amenity and visual beauty. LOUISVILLE is making nice motions toward the Ohio riverfront, as is Cincinnati, and here, too, the national craze for fetching new places from old has caught on.

► DENVER, the Mile High City, has been undertaking renewal that is almost as rarefied as its mountain air. Though the restored Larimer Street district, brought back from the city's early days of mining fever, looks like a "Gunsmoke" stage set amid the surrounding blocks of bulldozed land, its ambience, composed by latter-day Matt Dillons dressed out of Brooks Brothers, has awakened general interest in the character of present-day development. A new cultural complex, stitched into the streetscape of downtown according to a master plan by famed architects Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo, incorporates the creativity of other local and national firms as well, including a new music hall by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer, who did Playhouse-in-the-Park in Cincinnati and the new Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis [see also "Artsletter," page 44].

San Francisco's Embarcadero Plaza—"Could this be the 'urban crisis'?"

Jim Ball

If America has suddenly discovered that its resources are finite, this constitutes an unparalleled opportunity for our cities. The constraints—of capital, of materials, of energy—are beginning to be construed in a creative way. The main reason that the city sweepstakes are *not* being won by the suburbs, for a change, is that cities have been forced into making the most of what they already have, recycling old bricks and old front stoops, infilling with new construction where there is at least an intention of accommodating the social and physical scale of what has gone before.

Nothing like this has happened to America's cities before. And the good news, after years of apocalyptic reportage, has barely surfaced. Far from being "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor,"with the postwar emphasis on high-rise construction as the basis of "renewal," cities are rediscovering and savoring the interaction of people and purposes at street level. The grass that has insistently sprouted through the cracks in our old sidewalks is restoring a sense of proportion. America, it seems, started out on a search for a new civilization—but one in which cities were some sort of necessary evil. Only now, entering the third century of our experience, is America perhaps mature enough to realize that cities and civilization are inseparable.

The challenge facing us is of profound political as well as social significance. Those who call the shots on the level of the metropolitan region, right down to those articulating citizen sentiment at the level of the neighborhood or the block committee, must realize that a rebirth of cities requires the reassertion of some old but still very radical American verities—among them, self-determination—not just ill-coordinated cash thrown at them from Washington. The next twenty-five to thirty years will tell the story of whether cities get themselves together to create humanly enhancing circumstances for personal and communal development. Little new investment is going to flow for creating cities anew. Starting from scratch, as Savannah did in the eighteenth century, will not be the strategy. Constructive approaches to paying for as well as planning the rescue of abandoned and blighted areas are gathering steam.

A vital trend is the decline in the size of the American household to something less than three persons, compared with over three and a quarter persons just ten years ago. Such figures are important for cities because they indicate that the demand for two- and three-bedroom units, not for more terrain-tearing single-family houses, is going to rise dramatically—the very kind of units that urban pioneers are already retrieving from the blighted brownstones of old neighborhoods. The evidence of renaissance is not to be found in majestic imagery but in how changes in everyday life are affecting how people live, and where. The old front stoop, fixed up, may be the most telling image of all as to how the cities of coming years will fare. Certainly enough Americans are relaxing on them, these late-August days, knowing themselves and each other again—or, just perhaps, for the very first time. —WILLIAM MARLIN

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Living Recklessly Is the Best Revenge

Black Sun: The Brief Transit and Violent Eclipse of Harry Crosby
by Geoffrey Wolff
Random House, 265 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Walter Arnold

"IF WORSE should come to worse and you couldn't get a divorce . . . I'll come down [to New York, from Boston] and kill you and then kill myself so that we can go right to Heaven together—and we can die in each other's arms and I'll take the blame so you won't have to worry, Dear. . . . If by any chance I should die or be killed (I promise you never to kill myself unless you die or unless I kill us both together) I hope you'll end your life and come to me right away so we can be together as One in Heaven. . . ." Thus at the age of twenty-three Harry Crosby wrote in a forty-page epistle to his inamorata, Mrs. Polly Jacob Peabody (who later became his wife, the self-renamed Caresse Crosby).

Eight years later, in December of 1929, after missing an afternoon tea date with his uncle Jack (J. P.) Morgan to present a copy of his latest book of poems, *Sleeping Together*, Crosby was found behind the inside-bolted doors of a painter friend's apartment in the Hotel des Artistes, on West Sixty-seventh Street in Manhattan. The young Bostonian was lying on the bed under a silk coverlet with the latest of his many liaisons, a very young and new Mrs. Josephine Rotch Bigelow, who was also a Bostonian and from an old Nantucket Quaker family. She had a bullet hole in her left temple, he in his right. He had a death grip on a Belgian automatic with a sun engraved upon it. They were fully clothed except for their bare feet; his had a Christian cross tattooed on one sole and a pagan sun on the other. His toenails were painted a bright crimson.

Some of the pure products of Boston, apparently, go crazier than those of the rest of America. Hart Crane, who was a friend of Harry and Caresse Crosby, said once that it would take a book to describe their *daily* life. But I'm not sure that the life of Harry Crosby is worth a whole book, judging from historical and literary importance. Nevertheless, Geoffrey Wolff, novelist and critic, has written a book about him and his "crowd" that is worth reading. Except for the *longueurs* in the analysis of Harry's largely embarassing writing, this is a most absorbing and wonderfully vivid portrait of the man and his family. It includes, besides, a fresh and dissenting account of the so-called Lost Generation of Americans in Paris, whither Harry and Caresse repaired after his failed Boston banking career.

All of the essential elements of a critical biography are here. Wolff has examined just about everything in the considerable body of documents and evidence relevant to the Crosbys, and he continually enlivens his narrative with the personal recollections he obtained from Crosby's relatives, friends, enemies, and other contemporaries. At the same time, Wolff has composed his book with the good novelist's sense of character, tone, and drama. Best of all, *Black Sun* is written in an engaging, sharp, and sophisticated but unpretentious style. True, the Crosbys and their train were the sort of people who appeal more to novelists than to authors of historical biographies. Readers of Wolff's book might wish that more good novelists would write "straight" biographies.

Harry Crosby graduated from St. Mark's School in 1917 and went right to France with the American Field Service Ambulance Corps. While carrying wounded soldiers during the Second Battle of Verdun, his ambulance was vaporized by an exploding shell, and by what can be described only as a miracle, Harry alone was left unhurt. His body, that is, was unhurt, but as Wolff says, his imagination was gravely injured and never recovered. "Mutilation, vermin, cowardice, relentlessness, insanity, hysteria, and cruelty," the author writes, "played in the theater of his imagination from the time of Verdun till the end of his life, and they were prompted by war."

Continued on next page

Walter Arnold is a free-lance writer and critic who for several years was editorial director of Liveright.

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More important, an obsession with death and dying, his own above all, marks most of his writing and colored his frenetic activity until his self-chosen end. The pursuit of death, or rather life-in-death, and the desire continually to shock his loved-hated Boston, "City of Hypocrisy," were behind his actual worship of the sun, particularly the contradictory and annihilating Black Sun of ancient myth.

Nevertheless, Crosby's was by no means a wholly or even largely negative life. His service in the war was certainly courageous, and he finally was awarded the Croix de Guerre. And one has to agree with the author that Crosby demonstrated a certain courageousness in living according to his beliefs and by defying convention. He was, of course, an aristocrat and a social and aesthetic snob, but he was also uncommonly and unsnobbishly generous to people in real need as well as to others. There was about his person a winningly boyish charm and excitement, an "atmosphere of hazard at high stakes." Wolff has well described the scene at the Crosbys' home, "where one would one day find André Gide and the next day a gunman, or Hart Crane, or models from the couturier Patou, or pirates and wastrels, bookies, whores, artists and photographers, or Archibald MacLeish, and where a party begun on Wednesday could persist into the weekend."

Most people who have ever heard of Harry and Caresse Crosby have done so, above all, in connection with their Black Sun Press, which was begun in 1927 as a vanity press for their own and friends' work but quickly expanded to become a respected showcase for new and gifted writers and the publishers of deluxe editions of works by famous authors. During the twenties the press published books by Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Eliot, Crane, Pound, Proust, MacLeish, and Kay Boyle, among others. The Crosbys' standards of typography (Caresse ingeniously compared it to sculpture, which also is seen in relation to its surrounding space) and bookmaking were admirable and truly lasting. Archibald MacLeish said about one of his books issued by Black Sun: "This was quite a book to make for a man. Somebody, and I rather suspect it was Caresse, had taste. I know Harry had it too, but somebody *really* had it." They led an authentically reckless life, Harry and Caresse, yet their disciplined work on their books would put to shame the "products" of nearly all the self-important sponsors of the printed word today.

But a suicide comes to dominate a person's remembered or recorded life—as if it were the only thing that mattered—so great is the public's fear, contempt, and perhaps perverse jealousy of the suicide. It demands to be "explained," particularly a seemingly motiveless murder-suicide like Harry and Josephine's. So although Wolff's book is not, fortunately, a "psychobiography," it is necessarily a work of detection, and a fascinating and successful one as far as it can go. He does explain the remote why of the deaths (in a way, Harry's extremely odd and occasionally incandescent writings had been announcing his plans and "reasons" for years) but not really the proximate why: why just that partner, just then (steamship tickets to France for both him and his wife bought just that day were found on his person), and the details of what happened in the Hotel des Artistes. Wolff writes: "He killed himself not from weariness or despair, but from conviction, and however irrational, or even ignoble, this conviction may have been, he held fast to it as to a principle. He killed himself on behalf of the idea of killing himself." Of course that explanation won't do. Surely there was weariness and despair to burn in Harry Crosby's brief transit, and Wolff's judgment does not account for the murder of someone he "loved" only lately.

At the outset of *Black Sun* the author claims that "Harry Crosby is an entire laboratory, wherein may be studied the terminal consequences of the religion of art." Unfortunately Wolff never explores this proposition, which is an extremely interesting one, even if dubious. Harry Crosby did have genuinely religious impulses, not unlike those of Baudelaire and other decadents, but Wolff has too limited a sympathy and understanding for the religious emotions to do much with this very complex aspect of Crosby's life. I suspect that he led what the psychiatrist Leslie Farber calls "the life of suicide," in large part because he had no god, including art, but himself. He was actually "an entire laboratory" of modern willfulness and increasingly worshiped at the shrine his own hands had made. That shrine was not without its beauty and worth for others, and it contained a perhaps saving mystery. In a way, it is amazing that no one has given an account of Harry Crosby's life before now. There is more to be thought and learned about him, but despite certain misgivings about the author's judgments, I for one am glad Geoffrey Wolff got to him first. ◉

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Written and Illustrated by Ashok Davar

Foreword by Pearl S. Buck

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That Old Family Feeling

Gerhardt's Children
by Jerrold Mundis
Atheneum, 311 pp., $10

Reviewed by Doris Grumbach

DID you suppose that the old-fashioned family-chronicle novel, so congenial to English writers and readers, had disappeared under the accruement of contemporary antinovel, stream-of-consciousness introversion, and the avant-garde experimentation that wipes out the old outlines of narrative? Well, you are wrong. The old-fashioned novel is still with us: solid, roomy, reassuring, a colossus of detail and genealogy. Often it becomes stultifyingly dull when it descends into logistics, when it details who was where when, and what everyone said about it. But just as often it is sustaining and absorbing, demonstrating some continuing truths about American life and society.

Gerhardt's children are second-generation Midwestern German-Americans. Jerrold Mundis (who lives in the Hudson Valley and has written several other pseudonymous novels, with which I am not acquainted) has chosen to explore this stratum thoroughly (one always suspects autobiography when the detail is as rich and full as it is here), and then harks back to Gerhardt's mother, the formidable Idalla Sproul, a stiff-necked Catholic matriarch. Her German heritage makes her an active American Nazi during World War II, and she dies ceremonially, as befits her rigid, controlled life. The story then moves ahead to Gerhardt's grandchildren and grandniece. Garven Gale Fletcher, thirty-one, is in the fourth generation and serves the huge tribe and the book as narrator; his cousin Nora, who is dying of cancer, is the novel's emotional and sentimental core.

The temptation of a reviewer of chronicle novels is tediously to rehearse the story. I will resist because, after all, that is the major purpose of the novel itself: character, setting, even the style, are all absorbed by the insistent claims of the *events*—what happens to each generation, with, now and then, some hint about the social or cultural changes that affect each one. Time becomes almost a character in the novel, appearing coquettishly at every point in its progress.

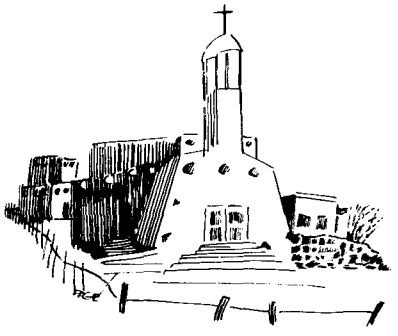
So it happens here. Nora's long-standing love-hatred for her mother's sister Teresa, who raised her after she had been abandoned by her own mother, drives her only occasionally into self-examination, to a recognition of what seems to be familiar "madness." She cries out to her cousin: "It has to end here. With your children and mine." As we trudge through the long novel we adjudicate Nora's view and come to regard what happens to the family as a crescendo of insanities that then decline into bland acceptance and even—in this case, literally—into lobotomized placidity. The last great-grandchild, now an adult, works hard "to rouse the flaccid and moribund clan to its aggressive stance of old," but the attempt fails. The last tableau we are shown is of the fourth-generation narrator and his wife in bed, their small son smiling happily as he crawls in between them: peace, reconciliation, all passion spent. But the scene comes too late to restore our faith in the family as a therapeutic institution.

If the book has a single theme, it is the failure of familial love, the victory of life's harshnesses over the living, and the failure of love to take the curse off fortune. The Sproul-Fletcher family falters because what hold it together are obligation, duty, fear, guilt, and a sense of sin lowered upon it by the Catholic Church. One of the "children" wants to come home after a quarter of a century's absence; her desire is regarded as natural, even genetic: "We're family people," someone remarks. The instinct to return to the clan is there, but her welcome is cruel and violent, the return futile: "*Es ya tarde*, it is already too late," the narrator remarks in another context. At Nora's funeral the family weeps for itself. At the end of four generations the clan is progenitor-ridden and memory-bound, but internally disconnected, one from another, unmoved, in the main, by the plights of its contemporaries.

The novel has flaws. It starts very slowly, is often (purposely, I'm sure, for a structure of this complexity to hold together) repetitious, needlessly confusing in some places, and unaccountably complex in others. Its progress is erratic. It starts, backs up upon itself, retracts often, and then jumps ahead precipitously. Despite all this there are many very good and very moving sections: the deaths of Idalla and Nora; vignettes of Sheila, Dick, Anna, and Vivienne; and some memorable snatches of conversation. The writing is often, but not always, interesting, sharp enough at its best to push us along over the dull stretches of narrative, and incisive enough to implant the Sproul clan in our memories.

As in other family sagas—the Jalnas and Forsythes, for example—we live with them; for the time it takes to absorb the facts of their lives, the Sprouls and the Fletchers become part of our circle of acquaintances. To be able to live in a book, as François Mauriac has noted, is one of the good uses of fiction. ◉

Doris Grumbach, formerly the literary editor of The New Republic, *is now a free-lance writer.*



Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 104

(Sarah Booth) Conroy:
Public House, Private Home

In the State Dining Room at a . . . dinner honoring Nobel Prize winners . . . President Kennedy described his guests as "the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House, with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

From *The Washington Post Guide to Washington*

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A Prince of Journalism

20th Century Journey:
A Memoir of a Life and the Times
by William L. Shirer
Simon & Schuster, 472 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Ted Morgan

CONSIDER this twentieth-century fable: a boy grows up in a Main Street town in Iowa in the first quarter of this century. He has a newspaper route, and so in the winter he folds papers with his frostbitten fingers and delivers them in the frozen streets of Cedar Rapids. He attends the local college and works for the local newspaper. By the time he graduates, he has saved $200, enough to go to Paris for two months before resuming his provincial life. Paris represents the antithesis of everything from which he wants to escape. In Paris he applies for jobs at the *New York Herald* and the *Chicago Tribune*. He is shown application lists with a thousand names on them and is told: "There are too many ahead of you." On his last night there, a night of pub-crawling, he returns drunkenly to his hotel room and finds a note from the *Chicago Tribune* editor saying: "If you still want a job would you be kind enough to come in and see me some evening around nine?" He fibs about his experience and his knowledge of French, and gets the job. Instead of two months, he stays in Europe two decades and becomes a famous foreign correspondent. Of such stuff are (or used to be) made the dreams of many young men.

The "small town boy makes good" story is only one of the things that make William Shirer's *20th Century Journey* so affecting and so eminently worth reading. In fact, there are two distinct parts to this first volume of his memoirs. The first part is a meditation on America. Shirer had to leave America to understand it. Only after his European experience could he appreciate the virtues of his upbringing and realize that what he had left behind was not as undeserving as he had imagined. He was like his friend Grant Wood, who spent years in Paris copying the Impressionists and finally, in his mid-thirties, got the seductiveness of Europe out of his system. He came home and painted "American Gothic." The first half of this book is Shirer's American Gothic, a sweet-and-sour reconstruction of the climate of life in the Midwest at the turn of the century, with its conflicting influences: the greed and corruption of a country growing too fast and the poetry of the land and the city. This milieu fostered his quest for art and learning.

In the second part we see the journalist, in Albert Camus's phrase, as "the historian of the moment." With his books on the Third Reich and the Third Republic, Shirer proved that a journalist could be a genuine historian. But in his memoirs he gives us the correspondent's Europe as it unfolds. It is not the historian's ordered and panoramic vision but the single individual's response to events.

Shirer's people were Rhinelanders who came to America in the 1840s and pushed westward for available land, first to Wisconsin and then to Iowa. They changed their name from Scheurer to the shorter and more simple Shirer. William was raised in Chicago, where his father, then assistant U.S. attorney, took part in the government suit against Standard Oil of Indiana. Upon his death, in 1913, William, age nine, and his family moved back to Iowa. There he received a classic small-town education in a redbrick school named after a President (Jackson), went to the local institution of higher learning, Coe College, and worked for two years on the *Cedar Rapids Republican*. He came to the editor's attention after he had secured an exclusive interview with Jack Dempsey, shortly before the Firpo fight. Shirer had found Dempsey's Pullman compartment when his train stopped in Cedar Rapids, shook the fighter awake, and barraged him with questions. Poor Dempsey did not know what had hit him. "Where are we, anyway?" he kept asking. "Iowa? Ohio?"

The Iowa landscape seemed parched to Shirer. "I yearned," he writes, "for some place, if only for a few weeks, that was more civilized, where a man could drink a glass of wine or a stein of beer without breaking the law, where you could believe and say what you wanted to about religion or anything else without being put upon, where inanity had not become a way of life, and where a writer or an artist or a philosopher, or merely a dreamer, was considered just as good, if not better, than the bustling businessman."

Soon he was saying wistfully: "To be twenty-one, fresh out of Iowa, alone, utterly free, and with a job in Paris in the mid-twenties!" It does make the mouth water. For this was Paris as Camelot, where for one brief, shining moment everyone who was talented and beautiful seemed to have taken root in a tiny area limited by the Etoile, Notre Dame, and the Gare Montparnasse. Oh, to be in Paris in 1925, the Paris of Hemingway and the devalued franc and relief from the Volstead Act.

AMONG Shirer's fellow deskmen at the *Chicago Tribune* in Paris were James Thurber and Elliot Paul. They wrote during the heroic days when the deskman was given a two-line cable from the States on an election or a hurricane and had to expand it into several columns of reasonably accurate copy. Journalism was never more inventive. There were frequent, though not unwelcome, interruptions. Scott Fitzgerald came in drunk, and Shirer took him home to Zelda. Isadora Duncan swept in to complain about adverse publicity, and Shirer took her to lunch and soothed her, on office time and money.

Isadora had married the Russian poet Sergei Esenin. Shirer asked her how they communicated, since they did not have a common language. "With love," Isadora said. "We were terribly in love." Shirer began to attend Isadora's open houses. They were among the best shows in town. She invariably had a young man in attendance, Shirer writes, a shade ruefully. One senses what Blake called "the lineaments of ungratified desire."

Not so with Gertrude Stein, the subject of one of Shirer's most sardonic portraits. As a young reporter sent to interview her, he saw a publicity-seeking megalomaniac, who told him: "You know the Big Four in American literature, don't you? Ending

Ted Morgan is a veteran journalist who once was based in Europe.

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with me? There is a natural line of descent. Poe to Whitman to Henry James to myself. I am the last. The only living one." Another time, unburdening herself to Shirer, she said: "Joyce is a second-rate writer, really. Compared to me, anyway." She so put off Shirer that he makes the mistake of dismissing her as a writer of small importance. "She failed in almost everything that makes writers and writing great and memorable," he writes.

But these are memoirs, and since Shirer is not a literary critic, it would be small-minded to object to his judgments of writers based on personal acquaintance. If he is too harsh with Gertrude Stein, he is too generous with Sinclair Lewis, with whom he became friends in Vienna and whom he calls "perhaps our greatest writer."

Lewis and Shirer had long conversations about why American writers seem to run out of steam in the prime of life. Failure of stamina concerned Lewis, since he was experiencing it himself. By the time Shirer met him, Lewis had written his best work and was trying to save his crumbling marriage to Dorothy Thompson. But his efforts were in vain. As it turned out, she embarked on a long lesbian love affair with the German author of *Mädchen in Uniform,* Christa Winsloe.

After two years in Paris, in 1927, Shirer was made a roving correspondent. This was the *haute époque* of foreign correspondence. It was still a romantic profession. The correspondent had a first-row-orchestra seat at the greatest spectacle of his time, the decline and fall of Europe, and was paid to watch. It was heady stuff for a young man brought up on Horatio Alger's Tom the Bootblack and the Protestant work ethic. Shirer covered the League of Nations, the rise of fascism in Italy, and Lindbergh's landing. He also had to cover, in order not to incur the wrath of his boss, the irascible Colonel McCormick, the comings and goings of Chicago's eminent citizens. Still, it was a continuing education, in terms of what one saw and whom one met. Shirer saw Freud read a paper at a congress of psychoanalysts in Vienna. Covering the Olympics in 1928, he interviewed the president of the American committee, Douglas MacArthur, who gave him this gloomy warning: "We have the worst-equipped army in the world. And the terrible thing is that our people don't give a damn. They're too busy making money."

There was a Chicago school of correspondents covering Europe in those days —Vincent Sheean, John Gunther, and William Shirer. They were the princes of journalism. To be recalled from a foreign assignment was a terrible thing. The London bureau chief of the *Herald Tribune* was recalled and jumped overboard in mid-Atlantic. Shirer was not recalled. He did well. He was given Vienna, then an important bureau. His book, a first volume that takes us to 1931, ends with a peremptory two-word cable from the colonel: FLY INDIA. It should have ended with the journalistic term: (MORE TO COME). ◉

That's the Way It Was

Good Evening Everybody
by Lowell Thomas
Morrow, 349 pp., $12.50

Not So Wild a Dream
by Eric Sevareid
Atheneum, 516 pp., $12.50

BY THE time Lowell Thomas was twenty he had earned three college degrees, explored the gold fields of the Yukon and the scenic wonders of the American West, worked on newspapers in Chicago and Colorado, and begun a career on the lecture platform. Had newsreels, radio, and television not come along, Thomas would probably have spent the whole of his career behind a podium.

He had plenty to talk about. And half a century of broadcasting later, he still does. This book, the first of at least two volumes, takes the reader up to the attack on Pearl Harbor. There are, indeed, few parts of the globe that the reader isn't taken to by a man who has logged more passenger-miles in airplanes than anyone who ever lived and who has covered just about every major event so far in this century. Most meaningful to him were his encounter with T. E. Lawrence in Arabia (a good lecture topic) and his stint as President Wilson's journalistic emissary to Europe in 1917 (lecture topic two).

Forty-six years ago, Lowell Thomas began a nightly newscast, which, along with his lecturing and an occasional book, filled his journalistic life to overflowing. It is all here, of course, and this journalist quavers at Thomas's instinctive ability to be in the right place at the right time and get for himself the maximum publicity. He is at his best when he is in the wilderness or the newsroom, both of which he knows and loves—and at his worst when he is throwing names around.

I REMEMBER reading, thirty years ago, the captivating autobiography of a young Norwegian-American from Velva, N.Dak., who became a newspaperman and worked on the sainted *Paris Herald* during Hitler's early days. He saw war coming and jumped at the chance to report it by radio—though he had never broadcast before—when Edward R. Murrow phoned him from London. The young man in question, Eric Sevareid, is still explaining the news on CBS to a huge audience.

His book *Not So Wild a Dream* won glowing tributes and a place on almost everyone's best-seller list then, and, I must say, it holds up very well today. Its title comes from a line by Norman Corwin: "Post proofs that brotherhood is not so wild a dream as those who profit by postponing it pretend." There's a new introduction by the author, in which Joseph Barnes, of the *Herald Tribune,* is quoted as telling Sevareid that he and William L. Shirer both went out into the world but that Sevareid "came home again." And that, I subscribe, is why the book is better than most journalists' autobiographies, Vincent ("Jimmy") Sheean aside.

The account of the young newsman's salad days in Minnesota and Paris is lively, and the description of a portage canoe trip taken with a young pal through 2,200 miles of Canadian wilderness is as good as anything I've read. But the best of the book concerns the early days, the growing up in freezing, burning, godforsaken North Dakota.

I thought the first time through, and I think still, that the name-dropping correspondent and broadcaster of the latter portions of this fine book was less persuasive an author than the young sprout who preceded him. I also think he was a far better news reporter than he is a commentator, and this, too, is true in his biographical adventure.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN

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Books

Conversion in Khazaria

The Thirteenth Tribe
by Arthur Koestler
Random House, 255 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Karl E. Meyer

DEEP in the dustbin of history lie a warrior people of Turkish stock known as the Khazars, who for three centuries dominated the eastern steppes of Europe, from the Caucasus to the Volga. Their rulers parleyed with Charlemagne, and their armies blocked the Arab conquest of Eastern Europe. They would be remembered today simply as double-crostic curiosities except for one remarkable fact: their kings were Jewish.

According to the historian J. B. Bury, the conversion of the Khazar kings to Judaism during the eighth century was a unique event. Geopolitics may have played a crucial part in the decision, which was made when the Khazars found themselves wedged precariously between the two major world powers. Christian proselytizers from the West and Muslim missionaries from the East were zealously advancing the arguments of their respective faiths to the Khazars. Embracing Islam would have made the Khazar king a dependent of the caliphs, whereas choosing Christianity posed the risk of making Khazaria an ecclesiastical vassal of the Roman Empire.

Judaism, writes Bury, "was a reputable religion with sacred books that both Christian and Mohammedan respected; it elevated him [the Khazar king] above the heathen barbarians and secured him against the interference of Caliph or Emperor." Thus the Khazars chose Judaism, and for the first time since the Biblical era, Jews ruled a kingdom. It stretched from the northern shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian into the heart of present-day Russia.

Following Bury's lead, a number of scholars delved into the darkness of Khazaria, including Abraham N. Poliak, an Israeli; Paul Eric Kahle, a German; and Douglas M. Dunlop, an American. Arthur Koestler's book rests on their labors, but he has gone beyond them by stating, provocatively, the startling implications of their research. In essence, Koestler argues, the majority of Eastern European Jews, and hence the majority of world Jewry, are most probably of Khazar descent.

If Koestler is correct, it means that the ancestors of Eastern European Jewry came not from Canaan but from the Caucasus, which was once regarded as the cradle of the so-called Aryan race; it also means that Eastern European Jews are more closely related to the Hun and to Uighur and Magyar tribes than to the seed of Abraham and Isaac.

"Should this turn out to be the case," Koestler asserts, "then the term 'anti-Semitism' would become void of meaning, based on misapprehension shared by both the killers and their victims. The story of the Khazar Empire, as it slowly emerges from the past, begins to look like the most cruel hoax which history has ever perpetrated."

Koestler's case hinges crucially on the fate of the Khazars when their empire perished in obscure circumstances in the thirteenth century. He traces the routes of Jewish migration after the Diaspora and points out that no one has yet been able to explain convincingly the rise of Jewish communities in Eastern Europe during the Middle Ages. Using the evidence of history, legend, and linguistics, Koestler maintains that Eastern Jewry owes more biologically to the Khazars than to migrants from the Holy Land.

It is interesting to compare Koestler's findings with those in standard reference books on Jewish history, in which the Khazars are cursorily passed over. Typical is a statement in Solomon Grayzel's *History of the Jews* (1947), which admits that there is evidence that many Eastern European Jewish communities were of Khazar origin. But the author, after acknowledging that it is impossible to say whether Eastern European Jews are descendants of the Khazars, adds: "Nor does it make any difference, except to those who are more interested in fanciful theories of race than in matters of religion and humanity."

An incredible judgment, surely. Those "fanciful theories" of race led, on the one hand, to the extermination of 6 million Jews and, on the other, to a claim for possession of Israel based partly on genetic descent. Koestler deals fairly and forcefully with the implications of his argument for the legitimacy of the state of Israel, saying: "I am aware of the danger that it may be maliciously interpreted as a denial of the State of Israel's right to exist. But that right is not based on the hypothetical origins of the Jewish people, nor on the mythological covenant of Abraham with God; it is based on international law—i.e., on the United Nations decision in 1947 to partition Palestine. . . . Whatever the Israeli citizens' racial origins, and whatever illusions they entertain about them, their state exists *de jure* and *de facto* and cannot be undone except by genocide."

Needless to add, this important and rigorously argued book is written with the fluent precision that we have come to take for granted from its author, a Hungarian-born Jew, who was a Zionist pioneer in Palestine during the 1920s. We are once more in Koestler's debt. ◉

Karl E. Meyer is a free-lance writer whose recent books include The Pleasures of Archaeology *and* The Plundered Past.

Books in Brief

The Lists of the Past
by Julie Hayden
Viking, 159 pp., $7.95

In an age when the short story has become an endangered species, *The New Yorker* has probably done more than any other commercial magazine to preserve it. That the stories in Julie Hayden's collection *The Lists of the Past* first appeared there should predispose us toward it. Unfortunately, the first half of the book proves to be another biopsy of middle-class angst in New York; the checklist of metropolitan maladies—lovelessness, dehumanization, anomie—is overly familiar. In a typical story, "Day-Old Baby Rats," a badly dissociated al-

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coholic weaves her way through a messy, pointless existence. She seems very much at home with Hayden's other characters: arty, hypochondriacal matrons; emotionally blighted academics; childless divorcees. Still, even though we've met all these people too many times before, Hayden does manage to keep them from boring us. Her imagination may not soar, but these stories are all executed with intelligence and stylistic adroitness and sureness of effect. Above all, the choice of detail—what Henry James called "solidity of specification"—is faultless.

In the second half of the book—a group of interlocking stories also called "The Lists of the Past"—this solidity is sometimes crushing. The stories, about an old Connecticut patriarch gifted in horticulture and carpentry, bury the reader in flowers and household decor. Nevertheless, the old man's rage for order in every corner of his life is effectively conveyed. His slow progress toward the grave, followed by a chattering trail of indifferent hospital workers and dutiful relatives, is observed with a shrewd blend of irony and compassion. The technical command Hayden demonstrates here, as well as throughout the collection, makes one hope for bolder and fresher work from her in the future. —ROBERT F. MOSS

Jefferson: A Revealing Biography
by Page Smith
American Heritage, 310 pp., $12.50

THE Continental Congress, it was said, refused to allow Benjamin Franklin to write the Declaration of Independence for fear he might conceal a joke in the middle of it. No danger of that from Thomas Jefferson. Temperamentally an artist, he suffered, says Page Smith, from a "deep streak of morbidity" and a "lack of any deep and saving sense of humor." Smith's profusely illustrated volume is primarily an interpretive essay, unconcerned with details "recounted in a hundred texts."

Relying on the sketchy known facts of Jefferson's youth, Smith speculates that the early death of his father and the unloving attitude of Jefferson's mother precipitated an identity crisis that resulted in a psychologically dependent personality characterized by obsessiveness, secretiveness, vanity, incipient schizophrenia, megalomania, inability to sustain routine labors, financial incompetence, self-indulgence, and a sensuous rather than a rational approach to the world. Afflicted in times of crisis with diarrhea and migraine headaches, he turned for consolation to his wife, his daughters, his slave mistress, and always his remote Monticello. It was the syndrome, Smith maintains, of an artist, and it was Jefferson the artist who consciously created the Jeffersonian image of democratic simplicity and unpretentiousness.

Maybe so, but let us not forget the man who at seventy-three cheerfully declared himself ready to live his life over again, zestfully rode horseback every day, never in his eighty-three years lost a tooth or needed spectacles, proclaimed unbounded faith in human perfectibility, and continues to warm the world with hospitality from his house of beauty.

—MAX M. MINTZ

Real Losses, Imaginary Gains
by Wright Morris
Harper & Row, 192 pp., $10

LIKE making love, writing the short story puts its practitioners in an awkward position. If drawn on too long, interest tends to wane. Cut short, and there's frustrated expectation. Wright Morris's first collection of stories suffers the procrustean fate of a novelist accustomed to bigger beds. In "Drrdla" a man spends twenty pages coaxing a stray cat out of the basement only to have his wife suddenly awaken "to life" and adultery in the last paragraph. "A Fight Between a White Boy and a Black Boy in the Dusk of a Fall Afternoon in Omaha, Nebraska" is a wisp of a story whose title supplies not only the plot but most of the text as well. As the author of seventeen novels, Morris has developed the wind for the long distance. But the short story calls for the sprinter with a hair—not tortoise—trigger sensibility. One can't help having the sneaking suspicion that "Notes Towards Novels That Never Quite Jelled" might have been a more accurate title.

But, read either way, the collection unquestionably has its chilling moments. In "Fiona," for example, a child stumbles upon a life-size doll frozen just below the surface of a lake. With her older brother's help she manages to saw out a block, lug it home, and thaw it in a tub of warm water. After a while they are able "to free one of the chubby pink hands." But, as it happens, the "doll's hand was that of a recently drowned child."

—JAMES GORDON BENNETT

How the great comedy writers create laughter

Larry Wilde interviews MEL BROOKS, CARL REINER, NEIL SIMON, ABE BURROWS, JACK DOUGLAS, NORMAN LEAR, SELMA DIAMOND, ART BUCHWALD, AND OTHERS

"... these frank, witty interviews are a grab bag of one-liners and a fine portrayal of what makes comedy writers tick."—*Publishers Weekly.*

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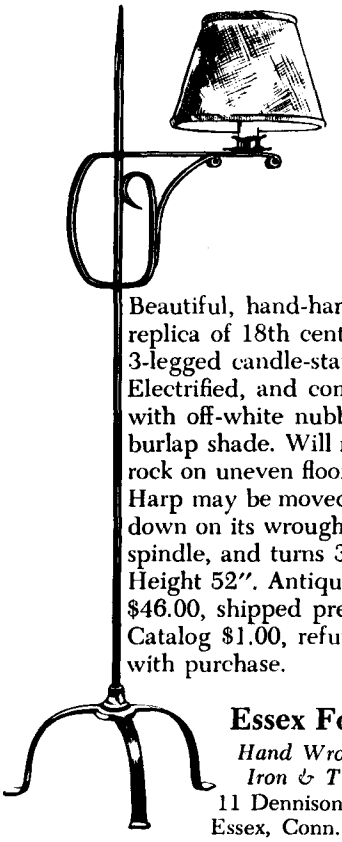

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

A Highly Readable Poet
For a small publisher, Braziller certainly does right by poetry—not like some of the giant firms I could mention. The latest volume in their Braziller Series of Poetry, edited by Richard Howard, is *Climbing Down*, by Carl Dennis (just published, $6.95). Dennis, who teaches English at Buffalo, is a highly readable and *interesting* poet who speaks plainly, with wit and even gaiety. To give you an idea of what he's up to, here's "Praise for My Heart":

O Trojan heart, noble pump,
all my life you've worked in silence
Under no orders
With no weekends free,
Shipping food to the hungry cells
On all my peripheries.
When I wake in the morning it seems clear
You've been at it all night.
I get up shamed by your diligence.
What can such effort signify
But faith in the enterprise?
You're certain the world would be wounded
If you once failed me.
You believe in me without thinking.

Practical
It's a pleasure to find a novel full of practical hints. For instance:

Orin caught the greased pig at the fair by getting wet and rolling in sand and gravel so it stuck to him. He was the only one who could get any purchase on the animal but he was disqualified for cheating.

Surely you can make use of that. Or how about:

The horse backed away as he approached exchanging step for step in a not very funny game. But Joseph used an old trick: he sat down with his back to the horse and whistled. Within a few moments the horse was nuzzling his shoulder, and he remounted.

These passages are from Jim Harrison's intelligent and moving novel *Farmer* (Viking, August 25, $7.95). It's set in northern Michigan during the mid-1950s and features a forty-three-year-old farmer-schoolteacher; his love of many years, who lives down the road a piece; and one of his girl pupils, who is a little piece herself. The hunting and fishing scenes are superb, as are the sexy ones—as is the writing.

On the Box
Want to know a terrible statistic about television? "Americans, on the average, spend six hours and fifteen minutes a day watching it flicker." That's a fact from Bob Shanks, whose book, *The Cool Fire: Television and How to Make It*, was recently published by Norton at $9.95. I watch about fifteen minutes of TV a week, but I read the book out of curiosity: how can so many labor so hard at mountains and come out with molehills? Shanks likes television, or at least he likes working at it, which he's done all his life as writer, director, and producer. He's generous with information and anecdotes about how scripts are written, the function of agents, how shows are packaged and marketed, who does precisely what on the set, the rounding up of guests, and how to treat stars—everything. I found it interesting—the inside story always is.

Willie Sutton, Constant Reader
A collector of anticlimaxes will like this:

I was still reading all the time. *War and Peace*, by Tolstoi, *Crime and Punishment*, by Dostoevski, the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, *Pepys' Diary*, *Atlas Shrugged*.

That's Willie Sutton in *Where the Money Was*, which he's written with Edward Linn (Viking, August 23, $10). Constant reader Willie (he also flipped through Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and the French classics) had plenty of time to hit the books—thirty-six years in the slammer, to be exact. He was a bank robber by trade and a quicksilver escapologist by inclination, and even though you might deplore his line of work, you've got to admire his brains and his cool. He makes some very acute observations about standing trial:

As a man who has had both experiences, I can tell you that it's far, far easier for a guilty man to stand trial than an innocent one. When you are guilty you are depending entirely upon your legal rights; the maze of protections, legal maneuvers, and loopholes that can help you beat the rap. You have no qualms whatsoever about using them; the law says you have that right. When you are innocent you are always in a rage of indignation. You feel helpless and put upon. You are totally on the defensive. Constantly you have to fight back the desire to leap up and scream out your innocence. You can't believe that this massive grinding machinery can be doing this to you.

And he takes a stab at explaining why he did what he did:

Why did I rob banks? Because I enjoyed it. I loved it. I was more alive when I was inside a bank, robbing it, than at any other time in my life. I enjoyed everything about it so much that one or two weeks later I'd be out looking for the next job. But to me the money was the chips, that's all. The winnings. I kept robbing banks when, by all logic, it was foolish. When it could cost me far more than I could possibly gain.

Actually, I spent far more time planning how to break out of jails, if only because I spent so much more time inside trying to get out than outside trying to get in. If any enterprising reporter had ever asked me why I broke out of jail, I suppose that's what I would have said: "Because I was in." But also, you know, because there's a thrill that comes from breaking out of jail—after years of the most meticulous planning, with everybody watching you, against all the odds—that is like nothing else in the world.

Willie and his ghost have written a good book, one you'll not escape from once you're in. ◉

Wit Twister No. 78
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 53.

Great nobles from each ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ ___ in vain

Attempt to ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ their warring lords

Who, ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
half brothers, yet disdain

The blood-bond that should bid
them sheathe their swords. A. S.

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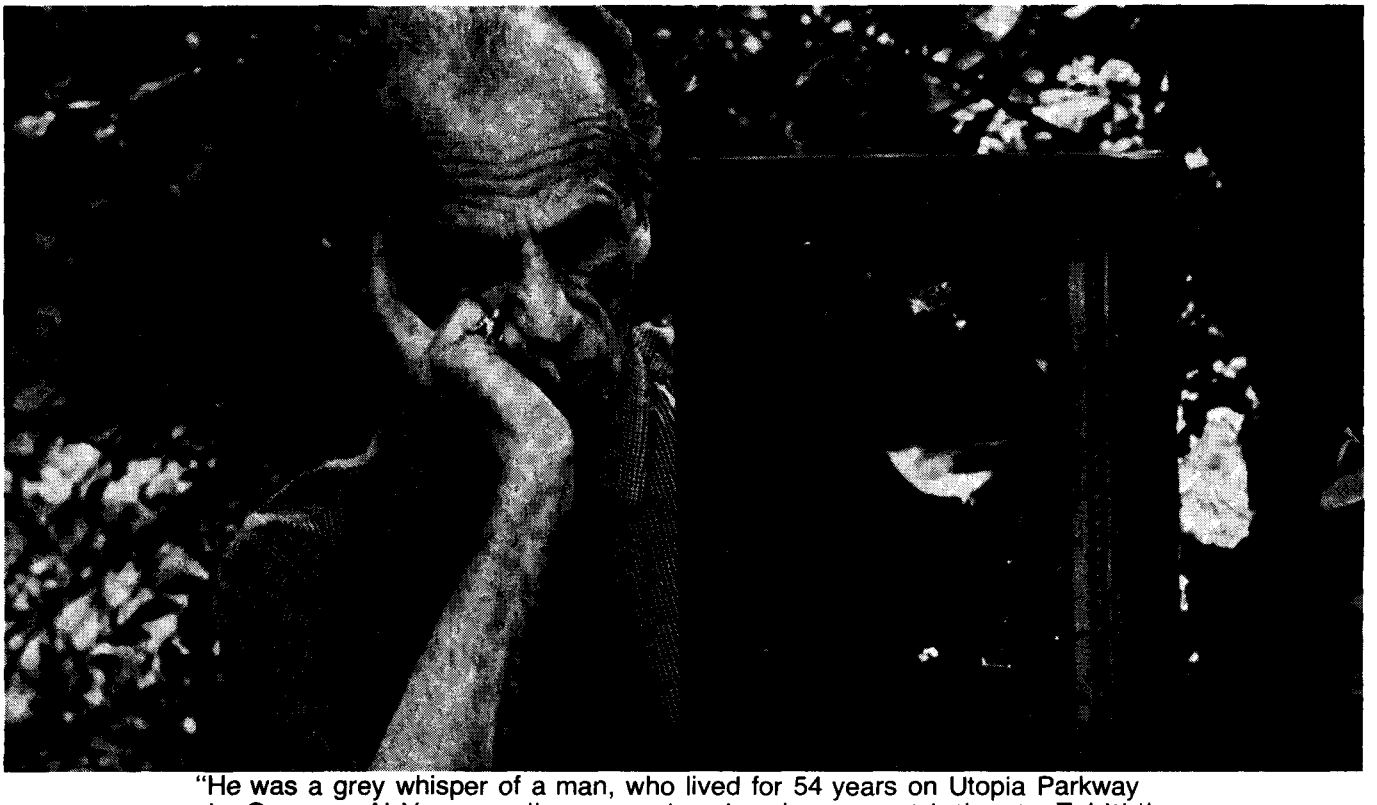
"He was an incomparably more gifted Ludwig II who constructed his Neuschwanstein in the space of half a cubic foot."

Photo by David Gahr



"He was a grey whisper of a man, who lived for 54 years on Utopia Parkway in Queens, N.Y., an exile more singular than expatriation to Tahiti."

His name was Joseph Cornell, an immovably eccentric and reclusive artist who spent his life creating exquisite collages in little boxes. His name was hardly known even in the art world. Yet in TIME Magazine's Art section his life and work become a kind of cerebral adventure. Which demonstrates another of TIME's strengths: the humane and intelligent curiosity that animates and articulates its reportage. It's the difference between simply knowing about the unusual and unfamiliar, and being able to make it come alive.

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TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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Artsletter

DUSTUP IN DENVER

When construction started on the Denver Center for the Performing Arts last year, we reported that the Helen G. and Frederick G. Bonfils foundations had "pledged their assets to the center as a whole, making DCPA the first arts complex in the United States to be endowed from its inception" ("Artsletter," November 1, 1975). Since then a storm of controversy has erupted over DCPA, raising questions about the solvency and ethics of the whole operation.

It started with a series of articles in Denver's Straight Creek Journal, one of the many new gadfly weeklies that have been springing up throughout the country. Ron Wolf, editor and one-man reportorial staff of the maverick paper, claimed that DCPA had misrepresented the wealth of the two Bonfils foundations in its negotiations with the city of Denver back in 1973. Those negotiations had resulted in a contract between DCPA and the city, pledging the two parties to joint development of an $80-million arts complex in downtown Denver: a concert hall, four theaters, an administration building, and a parking garage, all tied together by spacious glass-domed galleries lined with shops and restaurants. The city duly floated a couple of bond issues to finance its part of the deal, and work got under way last year.

Then, this spring, Straight Creek Journal launched an attack, charging that the two Bonfils foundations—on which DCPA was heavily dependent for funds—had insufficient assets to complete the project. The paper further revealed that the foundations' holdings consist largely of a controlling interest in the Denver Post, and it suggested that this could lead to an unhealthy interdependence of Denver's municipal administration, the arts center, and the city's leading daily paper. In the wake of these charges came further complaints that DCPA officials had conspicuously avoided contact with many community arts groups active in the city.

Straight Creek's exposés stirred up a hornet's nest of questions—from local broadcasters, from the city's other daily paper, from members of the Denver City Council. Eventually, DCPA responded with a statement on its finances, from which it seems that the Bonfils foundations do have just about enough cash on hand to meet their part of the construction bills. When that is gone, however, the only income left will be the annual dividends that the foundations receive from the Post. And since that paper's earnings have been falling precipitously in recent years, it would appear that DCPA's "perpetual endowment" may be something of a chimera.

We visited Denver this summer, saw the model of what DCPA will look like when it's finished in two years' time (impressive), toured the construction site (messy), and talked to people both in the fray and on the sidelines. Clearly, Straight Creek Journal shot wide of the mark in certain of its attacks. But despite the vendettalike rancor which occasionally blemished its reports, there is no doubt that the paper performed a very real service, if only in forcing DCPA out of its isolation. Although the men responsible for creating Denver's new arts center mean well for the city, they have been playing their cards too close to the vest—running DCPA without sufficient public disclosure or give-and-take. The ice now seems to have been broken.

Still unresolved is the potentially damaging alliance between DCPA and the Denver Post. Some local observers believe that the two Bonfils foundations should sell the paper and utilize the proceeds for more lucrative and less questionable investments. But that runs contrary to the wishes of the Post's management. And since the same men run DCPA, the Bonfils foundations, and the paper, it will take a palace revolution to effect a change. —ROLAND GELATT

NSLA News

LA SCALA WEEKEND

NSLA members and SR subscribers can enjoy an opera weekend in Washington, D.C., September 18–19, which includes a performance of Rossini's "La Cenerentola" by La Scala of Milan at the Kennedy Center Opera House. The package price of $99 comprises an orchestra seat for the opera, overnight accommodations at Loew's L'Enfant Plaza Hotel, meals, seminars, special events. Write NSLA, 488 Madison Avenue, 10th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Include check for $99 for each reservation.

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The Movies

A Gunslinger, a Pirate, and Tunnel Vision

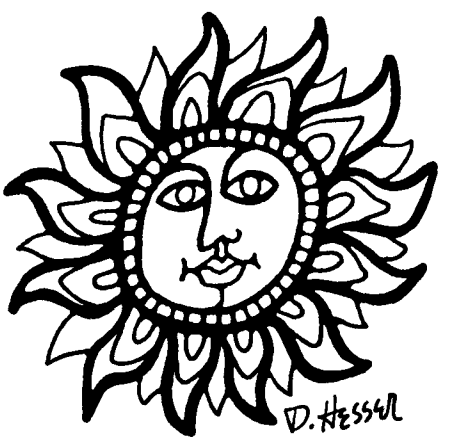
by Judith Crist

THE kind word that one can offer about Don Siegel's *The Shootist* is that this tediously pretentious and vapid melodrama about the last days of a "legendary" killer serves to remind us of the perfections of Henry King's *The Gunfighter,* immaculately produced in 1950 by Nunnally Johnson, with Gregory Peck giving his finest performance in the William Bowers–William Sellers scenario portrait of Ringo, the killer who gambles his life on a last reunion with his estranged wife and son.

This isn't the first time that a Siegel film has aroused such comparisons. The crassness of his 1964 *The Killers* only underlined the excellence of Robert Siodmak's 1946 film of the Hemingway short story. And in the interim other Siegel films—*Two Mules for Sister Sara, The Beguiled, Dirty Harry, Charley Varrick*—have served only to make one recall, amid churn of stomach, that he *is,* after all, the man who made *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers* back in 1956 and that he is revered almost—repeat, almost—as much as Jerry Lewis by *Cahiers du Cinéma.*

Well, for 1976 Siegel has come up with a turn-of-the-century (both in set and in quality) western concocted by Miles Hood Swarthout and Scott Hale from a novel by Glendon Swarthout, Miles's dad. John Wayne, tall and mountainous in the saddle, shoots down a highwayman for openers and rides into Carson City, Nev. It's January 22, 1901, and the local newspaper headline is proclaiming that Queen Victoria is dead. Wayne heads for a doctor's office, where he learns from James Stewart, who saved his life after a shootout fifteen years ago, that he has "a cancer —advanced" and not long to live. He is directed to a widow's boardinghouse, where Lauren Bacall gives him a room, with reluctance, at the sight of his shooting irons. Her reluctance grows when her young son, Ron Howard (added glamour, since he is a star of that revolting but successful TV series called "Happy Days"), reveals that Wayne is the notorious J. D. Books, a "legendary" gunfighter with thirty corpses to his credit. Her reluctance is tinged with compassion when Wayne confides that he hasn't long to live, and he soothes her with such courtin' phrases as "You have a fine color when you're on the scrap" and "I'm sure there's plenty of starch in your corset."

As word gets around about Wayne's identity and imminent demise, a local reporter attempts to get Wayne's collaboration on a biographical series, the marshal comes to wish him an early death, a former sweetie named Serepta arrives in the hope of his marrying her so she can write a book about him as his widow, and the local undertaker negotiates for the burial privileges. They all get short shrift from Wayne, who declares, "A man should be allowed human dignity." Queen Victoria, he feels, had it to the end. By the sixth day (the scenario portentously gives a day-by-day account of these sluggish events) he interrupts Bacall at the piano, whiskey-voicing "Tit-Willow." ("It was just something for the Sunday school class at the church social," she tongue-trippingly explains.) They talk about religion and murder, with Wayne explaining, "My church has been the mountains and solitude," and adding, "I'm a dying man scared of the dark." To this the compassionate widow replies, "Damn you for the pain you've brought into this house." Wayne, incidentally, has given her son, named Gillom, a shooting lesson and told him his credo: "I won't be wronged, I won't be insulted, I won't be laid a hand on. I don't do these things to other people, and I require the same from them."



So—on the eighth day—Wayne, "haircutted" and in his Sunday best, though it is a Monday, leaves his money and watch for the widow, gives her son his horse, and heads for the Metropole, a cavernous saloon, where, per his invitation, a rambunctious dairyman who insulted him, the brother of a man he killed (hey there, Richard Boone), and a faro dealer (hey there, Hugh O'Brian) await him with guns. Wayne announces it's his birthday, downs a drink, and shoots them, one at a time. Then the bartender shoots him, and Howard shoots the bartender. The five corpses all ooze blood, Stewart looks sad, Bacall looks sad, and Howard looks dazed. Even as you and I.

Where legends—about directorial skills or gunfighters—die is in the confrontation with fact, in the credibility factor, and in the empathy generated by the protagonist. The tyro scenarists are never quite sure if they are writing about a killer or a cancer-ridden man, about the ironies of how a murderer faces death or about the truism of living and dying by the gun. One suspects something as trite as the last, wherein an "amateur" is Wayne's nemesis—but in the bloody finale, the pointlessness of Siegel's film is the dominant factor. Wayne, mustachioed and chin-whiskered, is more behemoth than human; Bacall, maturely handsome, never finds coincidence between her sophisticated glance and the idiot dialogue assigned her. The two emerge as anachronistic antiques in contrast to the 1901 Oldsmobile and original horse-drawn trolley the set dresser came up with for atmosphere. They wind up seeming as artificial as the real Sierras that cinematographer Bruce Surtees filmed for background and made look like backdrops. Wayne, after all, is a legend in *our* time, not Queen Victoria's—and one more legendary leading lady (Kate Hepburn before—Joan Crawford next?) adds to neither his laurels nor her own.

SIEGEL, of course, has no copyright on nostalgia-inducing trash. James Goldstone's *Swashbuckler,* blurbed as "the Biggest, Grandest, action-filled pirate movie ever!," is guaranteed to rouse justified dreams of the glory of Errol Flynn's 1935 *Captain Blood* and Burt Lancaster's 1952 *The Crimson Pirate,* both still delighting new generations via revival houses and television. Indeed, the only virtue of this ersatz romantic adventure film is that

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it reveals our hunger for the swash and the buckle of villainous despots, libertarian pirates, the clash of swords, and the swoons of fair ladies—an appetite that Richard Lester's delightful musketeer tongue-in-cheekers whetted so well.

The script, by Jeffrey Bloom (author of *Snow Job* and *11 Harrowhouse*, mediocre caper films), is completely without viewpoint or wit to justify the derivative and rambling plot. Goldstone (whose directorial credits are as varied as they are undistinguished, with only *Red Sky at Morning* of interest among his five earlier films) has avoided any suggestion of style, let alone the panache this genre demands. As a result, an excellent cast is left to play living statues, allowed an instant of performance, and then immobilized by dumb dialogue and awkward action. Robert Shaw, as the pirate captain Ned Lynch, master of the *Blarney Cock*, is reduced to a brogue, lines like "I'm not a gentleman —I'm an Irishman" and "I'm no fool— I'm an Irishman," endless fencing, and enough gymnastics to make us yearn for more; Genevieve Bujold, as the lady in distress, is given swordplay in a see-through dress and a nude-swimming scene; James Earl Jones as Shaw's lieutenant and Geoffrey Holder as a native leader are given nothing worthy of their talents; Peter Boyle is merely laughable as the vile Lord Durant (although pederasty is added to his vilenesses); and Beau Bridges plays a foolish major foolishly. The production is lush and the scenery is pretty (Puerto Vallarta is the stand-in Caribbean setting), but frustration is the order of the watching and stultification the aftermath.

There's pleasant contrast in *Tunnelvision,* Neil Israel's literate, frequently funny, brash, and on occasion crass concept of what television programming will be like in 1985. More couth in content and sophisticated in execution than 1974's *The Groove Tube,* this satire—produced by Israel, a former CBS man, who wrote it with Michael Mislove and codirected with Brad Swirnoff—simply carries all the smarm and suggestiveness of today's video fare to a not-illogical extreme. Envisioning a "people's" network in an America wherein David Eisenhower has been elected President, Israel offers commercials, newscasts, serials, and specials that aren't, alas, as far out or "sick" in their comedy as non-television-watchers might think. There are intelligence, comic sense, and only sporadic vulgarity in the material and in the performance by a large and gifted cast. Above all, it's distinguished by bright young minds at work and at play. ◉

Dance

Rudolf and Mikhail and Especially Ivan

by Walter Terry

It is a strange sound—squeal-gasp-gurgle—that bombards my eardrums whenever Mikhail Baryshnikov takes off on one of his aerial sorties, pauses for a moment in space so that we can comprehend lunar mini-gravity without going to the moon, and then gently descends. I don't suppose for one moment that it is the same woman who has been emitting these sounds from a seat behind me at the Metropolitan Opera House, the New York State Theater, or Kennedy Center, in Washington, whenever Baryshnikov performs, yet this inarticulate but audible tribute always sounds the same. (It is never a male sound, simply because other men cannot do what Baryshnikov does, and they are obviously mute with jealousy.)

When Rudolf Nureyev takes a curtain call, there are screams (never squeals), yells, and palm-pounding applause. It doesn't much matter what Nureyev has just danced. Maybe he hasn't even danced well (sometimes he doesn't, but he always performs brilliantly), but he stands before us as not only the superstar of the ballet world but the supreme star of the world of entertainment. We cheer and applaud him because it is his due as a modern Roi Soleil or Grand Monarque. (Yes, Louis XIV was a dancer, too.)

When Ivan Nagy, with powerful arms and gentle hands, lifts his ballerina and looks upward into her eyes, it is an act of adoration. Behind me, in the theater, I hear no squeals, no yells, only a sigh. And when, as Albrecht, he walks slowly across the stage to the tomb of his Giselle, the viewer hesitates to breathe for fear of intruding upon a sacred, private moment.

What I am endeavoring to say is that the lyrical dancer, the *danseur noble*, is every bit as necessary to ballet and to us, the viewers, as is the virtuoso, and that Ivan Nagy is just as important and just as much to be cherished as Nureyev and Baryshnikov. Shakespeare's gentle "Ah, what light through yonder window breaks" has lasted quite as long as Marlowe's mighty line, "On, on, ye pampered jades of Asia."

Those who look only for the virtuosi of ballet, the superb athletes, are cheating themselves. They even cheat themselves when they attend a Baryshnikov performance in a program that does not call for physical prowess or little else. There are probably thousands of balletomanes who would sob with disappointment if they could only see Baryshnikov in the title role of Fokine's *Petrouchka.* No mat-

Nureyev in Corsaire—*A "superstar of the ballet world."*

Photographs: Martha Swope

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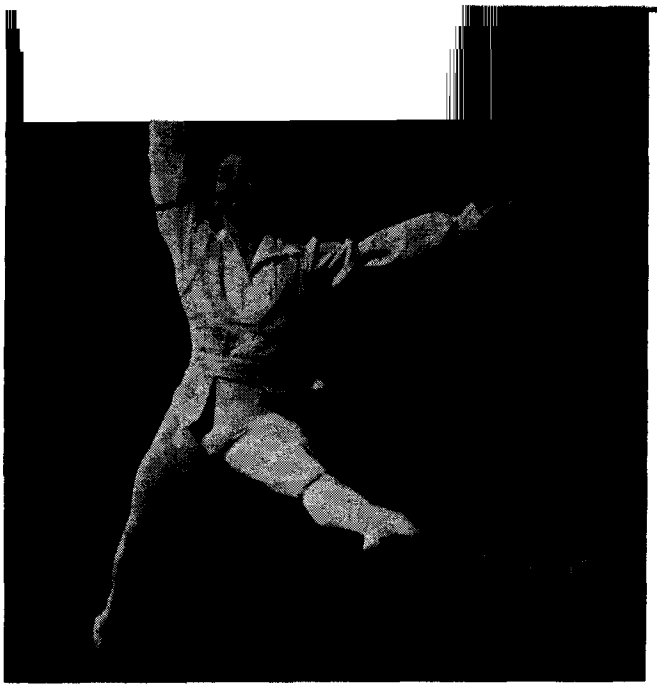

Baryshnikov—"Perilous spins in space."

Nagy in La Sylphide*—"A special radiance."*

ter that he is one of the great interpreters of a role created by Nijinsky. No matter that his portrayal is a profound and poignant interrelating of the real and the unreal. What the mass wants of him are vaulting leaps and perilous spins in space. Perhaps the same ones would feel cheated if they saw Nureyev as the moody, musing Don Juan instead of as the exuberant master of feats of skill in *Don Quixote Pas de Deux*.

Ivan Nagy can, of course, accomplish the double air-turns, the pirouettes, the high leaps, the flashing leg beats required of the principal male dancer in a major ballet troupe. He is not the virtuoso Baryshnikov is, nor does he have the instant, stunning impact of Nureyev; nevertheless, when all three are on hand for an American Ballet Theater engagement (Nureyev is guest artist on occasion), there should be no thought on the parts of management, direction, or public that one is of greater artistic value than the other. Did you notice that I modified the word "value" with "artistic"? Good. It is absolutely true that certain stars are bigger at the box office—in opera and theater, as well as in dance—than others, but, though bills must be paid, there are values more important than a full house on a blue Monday or at a Wednesday matinee.

Distinctions in box-office draw are apparent within the dance world itself. Modern dance has never (and never will) draw as well as ballet, but that has in no way lessened the importance or value of an Isadora Duncan or a Martha Graham. And most ethnic dance arts (with the exception of Spanish dance) cannot hope to match either ballet or modern dance in popular appeal unless they are presented (à la Moiseyev) as spectacle. Thus, within the world of ballet proper, the balletomane, the choreographer, the director, the manager, are cheating themselves if they address themselves only to what is instant box office.

Ivan Nagy is a perfect example of a superb artist who does not fulfill all box-office and publicity requirements while, at the very moment, providing artistic services that have few equals in this era. He is, in my opinion, the unequaled Albrecht (in *Giselle*) of our generation. When he (not anyone else) is dancing with Natalia Makarova, the public is in the presence of a pair who make theirs *the Giselle* to see.

Nagy, in Eliot Feld's *At Midnight*, crosses over into modern dance to reveal, through slow-reaching arms, all the heart's longings. In the great Danish *La Sylphide*, he is the restless dreamer hidden in all men as they seek the desirable but unattainable; in Fokine's *Les Sylphides*, he becomes the dream itself, not the dreamer; and in the effervescent *Pas de Deux* from the nineteenth-century *Kermesse im Brugge*, his nimble legs accomplish the Bournonville beats with all the sparkle that his eyes bestow on the maid with whom he is dancing. And, yes, there is that walk of reverent mourning in *Giselle* that will haunt you, and there is also that instant of ecstatic hope when he clutches the magic scarf that will help him capture forever the elusive Sylphide while, nearby, the witch's curse promises doom.

Indeed, Mikhail Baryshnikov is not to be missed in this new Golden Age of Ballet, the first in which the male dancer has shared honors with the ballerina, and if you have not seen Rudolf Nureyev, you have not witnessed the artist-performer-personality who brought the male dancer to an unprecedented eminence. And if you have missed Ivan Nagy because you have been saving money and time for the two box-office supers, you have failed to be illuminated by a special performing radiance in today's brightly shining art of the ballet. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 65

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 54.*

H YBPTATLB MRDMZUB, VTIB GVTAYBDU ZA H FZDUB, TABNTLHGVQ AHDDZKU TLU MZ-UUBUUZD'U MZTAL ZP NTBK.

—DZGBDL PDZUL

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Booked for Travel

His Own Special Island

by Horace Sutton

WHEN I first set foot on Hawaiian soil and claimed it for my own—it was shortly after Magellan's circumnavigation—I had come, as most visitors did then, by ship. It was a mode of transport that in Hawaii commerce, anyway, had been originated by Captain Cook and, in the nearly two centuries that followed his voyage of exploration, had become a popular form of transport.

By the time of my own maiden voyage to the islands, in the early years after the war, the transpacific planes were flying regularly, and I was to fly home from that trip on Pan Am's overnight Stratocruiser that drifted into Los Angeles with the dawn.

But it is the arrival by ship in Honolulu harbor that remains the signal memory, the liner edging into the pier at Aloha Tower, the friends scampering up the gangplank carrying leis, the Royal Hawaiian Band playing the syrupy melodies, the hula girls shaking their ti-leaf skirts and rattling their gourds. And what of the street outside? That mass of baggage, visitors, greeters; and, sitting against the façade of the piers, those ample brown women of Hawaii selling leis, their waking hours forever wreathed in the fragrance of the islands.

Those who make their way to Hawaii these days fail to comprehend the true distance, though that is not a fault of theirs. There aren't any long hours at sea anymore, unless one seeks out a cruise ship. The crossing by air at 600 jet miles an hour telescopes time and images.

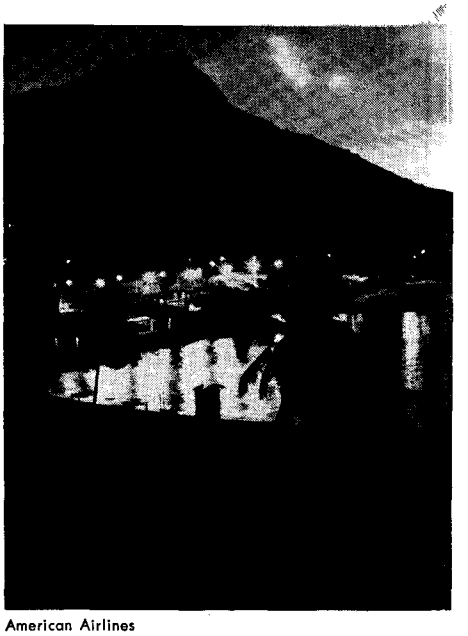
When I decamped for Honolulu the other week, I rose in the California morning, dressed before a wood fire in my room at the Bel Air, drank a carafe of orange juice while surveying the flowers. By midmorning I was having lunch on Continental's giant DC-10. In five hours from the takeoff at Los Angeles we had come abeam of Kahoolawe, the target island that the military uses for practice bombing runs. Diamond Head filled a starboard window, and we made a grand arc, as I had done so many times before, and settled down at Honolulu's airport.

We were too far from the main airport to be welcomed by a familiar form carrying a perfumed lei. Instead there was a commercial surrogate from Greeters of Hawaii. She read a list of names and hung garlands on the necks of those arrivals who were on her list. In Hawaiian, *wiki-wiki* means quick, and so there is a Wiki-Wiki bus that fetches passengers from the outlying jumbo-jet terminal to the baggage area. Finally a friendly face. When I left him last in Hawaii, where we both had come to live, he drove a Volkswagen. Now he had come to meet me in a Jaguar XKE. Hawaii the bountiful.

A room is reserved at the Waikiki Sheraton on the grounds of the old Royal Hawaiian where I once had a nook of an office. The Royal Hawaiian is still there, still pink, but it seems dwarfed now, a relic that is endured by some and adored by others. But I am not for its spacious verandas. My room is on the Sheraton's twenty-first floor, and I am whisked to a corridor lined with an Amazonian tangle of green flora printed on wallpaper. My honeycomb high above the Pacific has sliding doors that open to sea and sky. Sailboats are scattered sugar dots on the sea. Waikiki is but a technicality; there is only a fringe of beach. Straight below, the bodies, anointed with oil and ready to fry, lie in state on deck chairs.

I look left to that patch next to the Royal where the old Outrigger Club used to be, where the surfboards were stored in lockers, the jocks played endlessly at volleyball, and the watering hole on the second floor was as fine a place as one could find to survey the sea and be introduced to the lethal liquidity of *mai-tais*.

I thought then of the day I had stood at sea's edge and talked to Duke Kahanamoku, the leonine head graying then, the brown body that had carried America to the winner's circle in the Olympics of long ago still lean and muscular. And I thought of the day they buried the Duke, carrying his ashes out beyond the waves and surrendering them to the sea. Over the last



American Airlines

Diamond Head by night—"

of him now ride the new surfers sitting astride their boards, waiting for a wave. It is a gentle day in the Pacific, and this year's crop of tourists, conveyed by beach-boys, ride the outrigger canoes, paddling them parallel to the surf, hunting down a breaking comber.

In other days it was a treat of no small pleasure to have breakfast under the hau tree of the old Halekulani; or at the Royal Hawaiian, a step away from the sand; or on the terrace of the Kahala Hilton, where the net throwers stalked the flats and the sea stretched to trackless infinity. Here the tall Sheraton offers breakfast on the thirtieth floor, guava juice and eggs Benedict or roast beef hash, if that is your style. On the beach-level terrace one morning, with my feet and the chair deep in the tufts of Astroturf, I awoke the senses with Portuguese sausages, an explosive that serves to remind one that Hawaii is made up of many races and many immigrants.

Having been thus gastronomically reminded, I went after breakfast to hear it all again, this time from George Ariyoshi, the governor of Hawaii, whose father was a sumo wrestler in Japan and later a stevedore in Honolulu. He talked of Hawaii's 3 million visitors a year and how they were being served with grace and dignity without demeaning those who wait on them. He wondered whether success could spoil Hawaii, whether unchecked progress could ruin it. He agreed that it was not the place it was five, ten, or twenty years ago, socially or environmentally, wondered again whether it would someday be bypassed.

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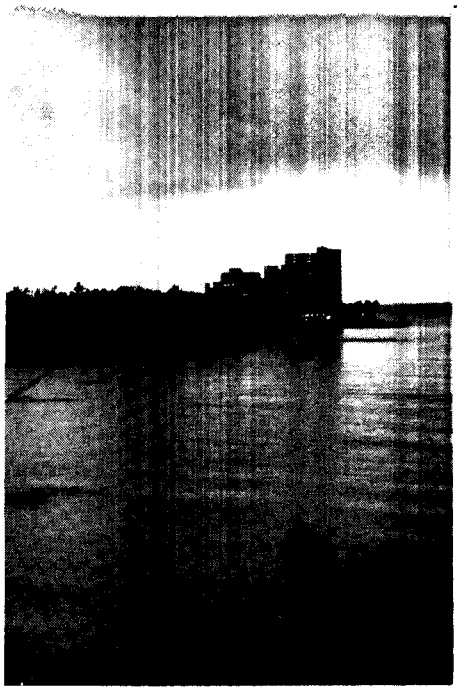

waiian, wiki-wiki *means quick. . . .*"

In the end, Governor Ariyoshi concluded that so long as people can come together in a place of popular assembly, the world would be all right. Honolulu's mayor, a proponent of a tourist tax on Hawaii's visitors, who might agree on free concourse as long as the arrivals were met by an impost as well as by flower leis, was not present at the assembly that was composed of travel officials from Pacific and Asian nations. But a response came from John Payne of Hong Kong, who, in elegant, British-mannered syllables, said, "Sir, your citizens are showing what civilization really means. We shall be taking a large slice of inspiration back with us."

In the afternoon I struck out across the island, rolling through the tunnels to the Windward Side, then striking north along the shore to those old unpronounceables —Kahaluu, Waiahole, Kaaawa. A sentimental pause had to be made at Pat's at Punaluu, where we used to head in search of the coconut cake.

That weatherbeaten but proper oasis was built by Desmond Hallaran, called Pat, who had been a British commando. If he got out alive, he vowed then, he would find paradise and stay there forever. Punaluu was paradise, and Pat stayed there until he died, in 1969. His widow sold the lease rights, and if Pat's place is indeed still there, looking more or less the same, it stands hard by a seven-story 136-room condominium. I contemplated it while Governor Ariyoshi's words tolled in my ears, and I rolled north into the hinterlands, where no backwater remains pristine.

Two years after Pat Desmond died, the venerable sugar mill at Kahuku, which had puffed and rumbled and perfumed the neighborhood since 1890, closed its gates. The land was marginal, they said, and the hauls to Honolulu were too long. It was the end of eight decades that had brought workers to Kahuku from the Philippines, China, Korea, and Portugal. Hawaiians, by disposition, are not cane cutters, although they liked to let the cane ferment so they could turn it into *okolehau*, the local painkiller.

Two years ago, a new group began to wash down the old mill. If cultivating sugar appeared unprofitable here in this northern end of Oahu, cultivating tourists seemed more rewarding. The Kahuku mill would become a theme park for a World of Sugar Tour. And so it has, with much of the history and lore of sugar in Hawaii explained in a multimedia presentation, largely on film, presented in a theater that suggests the center of Kahuku town.

The film and a tour of the plant, cleaned and polished now, may give the visitor more than one cares to know about sugar, but there are collateral insights into Hawaiian life. Sun and water made cane growing profitable agronomy, if a labor force could be induced to come to the islands. The boom that began in 1850 brought the myriad of races who, to communicate with one another, developed their own lingua franca that is called pidgin and is used to this day.

A selection of shops has opened inside the factory. A temporary nest of nourishment called the Cook House serves kalua pork, chili dogs, and other culinary extravaganzas. A more elaborate restaurant is promised, as well as a Sump Pump bar.

THE reopening of the Kahuku Sugar Mill this spring brought a new neighbor to the isolated resort of Kuilima, on the northern end of Oahu, an hour's drive from the frenzy of Waikiki. The huge three-pronged hotel, with its enormous carpeted spaces, seems like an edition of Las Vegas—less the slots, of course—set down by the edge of the sea. There are 500 rooms washed by the winds, a private beach, a cluster of tennis courts, and an eighteen-hole golf course. As the management likes to say out here, when you're at Kuilima, there isn't another hotel in sight. Few establishments can make that statement in the new Hawaii.

The hand wringing over Waikiki—the jumble of hotels, shops, and beaneries, concrete and the waves of people—has gone on for years, deservedly if ineffectually. And yet, Kuilima, apart from conventions, is scarcely overrun with clients. In its loneliness, it stands within easy reach, down the Kamehameha Highway, of the famed winter surfing grounds at Sunset Beach. A whiff of old Hawaii still endures in the old plantation and port town of Haleiwa, lately inhabited by the carrot-cake set. The local polo people convene Sundays at Mokuleia, and so do teams from the British Isles, Australia, Spain, and Central and South America. Polo players have been swinging mallets in Hawaii since 1886, and the practitioners have included everyone from George Patton to Prince Philip.

In the lee of a sun-washed afternoon in Honolulu, with a rainbow, as always, arching over the valley, I succumbed to a maudlin urge to look once more at the house in Kahala that I inhabited in the sixties. Here my progeny grew up, running shoeless on the green, going shoeless to schools with unpronounceable names, plucking papayas from the trees, learning to string into leis the plumeria blossoms that fell soundlessly to the ground.

Some other chatelaine came to the door, dressed, in the habit of young matrons at home in Hawaii, in a bathing suit. Other kids, shoeless, played on the lawn, but the papaya trees were gone, and so was the Norfolk pine we had planted one Christmas. The giant mango tree in the backyard had been chopped down because this mistress was allergic to its redolence. And the green jade that bloomed like a necklace fit for a Manchu princess had disappeared, along with the fence that supported it. The house remained as it was, a home of immense comfort, although surely it beat with another heart and was, moreover, worth three times what we had sold it for. I left, I confess it, with a ventricle pulsating with weltschmerz, for the more things change, I have come to know, the more they are completely different.

By the next morning I was back in the airport, picking my way through the crowds. There were neither friends nor leis; it was to be a lone farewell. In the confusion, I lost my way. There was no Wiki-Wiki bus, and it was time to *wiki-wiki.* I moved hard for the jumbo-jet terminal, found Continental's gate, and dropped into my seat. Soon we were floating again, with Diamond Head coming into the port window. I looked down toward Kahala. The mango tree and the Norfolk pine were gone, but somewhere down there the shoeless kids, other kids, were prancing under a rainbow. ◉

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World Progress Report

Where There's Smoke, There's Ire

The Black Sea resort city of Sochi, in the Soviet Union, is using police power and public opinion to make cigarette smoking a *nyet-nyet.* When a national campaign against smoking brought 600 representatives from all over the country to a conference in Sochi, the city's mayor seized the occasion to announce a ban on cigarettes. Under the new edict, beaches, restaurants, offices, public and private vehicles, schools, and hospitals are all off limits to cigarette smokers in the Soviet Union's first "no-smoking city."

Hopelessly addicted butt fiends can still sneak a smoke in the privacy of their homes or hotel rooms, but a militant public-opinion campaign is being waged against all public puffing. "We're hoping that it will soon be as ridiculous to appear in public with a cigarette in your mouth as to walk down Kurortny Boulevard in your pajamas," says Sochi's Mayor Voronkov.

Solar Power for the People

In New York City, where the sun shines only sometimes, and then wanly, through a smog filter, a hardy band of urban homesteaders is adopting an energy-saving technology more appropriate to the sun-drenched Southwest. On the roof of a five-story tenement, the pioneers are installing a 600-square-foot copper-and-glass solar-energy collector to heat water circulating from a 550-gallon tank in the basement.

The solar hot-water system is expected to meet approximately 85 percent of the tenants' hot-water needs. The tenement renovation includes a number of other energy-conserving measures, including the installation of storm windows, thorough insulation, weather-stripping, and caulking. The tenant-owners, who are doing the work themselves, anticipate that their investment of extra money and effort to save energy will be repaid by eventual savings of as much as $27 per month in each apartment's utility bill. The total saving for the building is expected to be about $4,500 per year.

The demonstration project, planned and supervised by solar architect Travis Price, was financed by a loan of $177,000 from the city to the tenants after their building, in a state of total disrepair, had been abandoned by the landlord. Encouraged by its first attempt to restore structurally sound derelict housing to useful life, the West Eleventh Street group is planning similar renovations.

Consumer Protection

A recent decision of the Federal Trade Commission offers a measure of long-overdue protection to the signers of time-payment contracts offered by sellers of such big-ticket items as automobiles, kitchen appliances, and furniture. In most cases such contracts are quickly resold by the merchant, at a small discount, to a bank, finance company, or other "holder in due course" who has had no legal responsibility for the quality of the original merchandise. In the past, if the product proved to be a lemon, the customer was powerless to induce the merchant to make good, whereas he was still legally obligated to continue his monthly payments to the holder in due course.

Under the new FTC ruling, holders in due course share responsibility with the original seller for the quality of the product. If the merchandise proves faulty, the customer who stops making payments has a legal basis for defending himself against a nonpayment suit. Moreover, the new edict will presumably make lending institutions reluctant to buy installment contracts from merchants who do not stand behind their merchandise, thus encouraging merchants to be more conscientious.

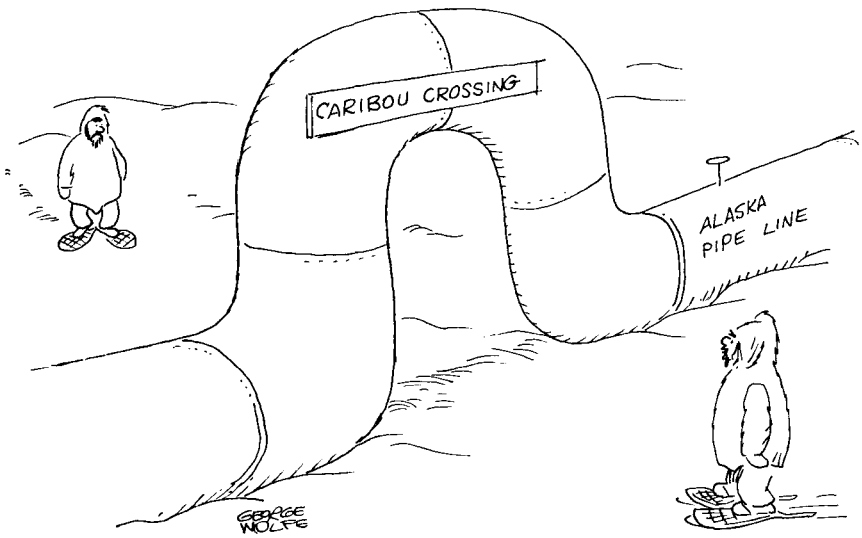
The FTC edict also requires sellers to inform consumers of their new protection in bold letters on every installment contract. Unfortunately, but hardly unusually, the required wording would strain the comprehension of a law student: "Any holder of this consumer credit contract is subject to all claims and defenses which the debtor could assert against the seller of goods obtained hereto or with the proceeds hereof."

Do-It-Yourself Hospitals

The rising cost of hospital room and board is enough to make patients feel a lot worse even while they are supposed to be getting better. A "semiprivate" accommodation, with several roommates and mediocre meals and reluctant service, at an urban infirmary can cost $200 per day or more. Medical care is extra.

A growing number of hospitals—almost 300 in the United States so far—are trying to keep the cost of services down by encouraging patients to undertake some of their own housekeeping and personal care. The self-help strategy is aimed at cutting the fastest-rising factor in hospital budgets: the cost of nonmedical personnel, whose wages have risen sharply recently to make up for decades of underpayment.

In the no-frills hospital, patients who are able can make their beds and tidy up their rooms. They eat in the hospital cafeteria instead of in bed. They bathe themselves and even queue up at the dispensary for their medicines. While they are saving money, the patients also presumably benefit physically and psychologically from demonstrating that their illnesses have not left them as helpless as they feared. —ANTHONY WOLFF



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Top of My Head

Total Recall? Forget It!

by Goodman Ace

LISTEN. I'm going to share with you my discovery of the secret for a long and joyous life as you reach the later years. Briefly, all you have to do is what I have done: give up trying futilely to recall totally something that's on the tip of your brain—an elusive date or a happening or a quotation—when your memory is out to lunch.

After years of gradual self-destruction at this typewriter, desperately attempting to bring into focus a recollection without scurrying to lift a heavy dictionary or an encyclopedia, I've come to the medical conclusion that hours can be added to the life span by accepting my principle that total recall is for the birds.

Of course, there are some birds who actually crow about their total recall. Like the swallows who recall totally the exact day and hour they have to wing it back to Capistrano in the spring. Big deal! I know *people* who have that same compulsion to get back down to Miami Beach in the autumn.

Since I gave up total recall, I am newborn. You won't find me sitting here like Job, bewailing my non-recall. I am not going to sing you the blues in the night about my rear-vision mirror, which has fallen into shameful disrepair, clouded and cracked, and the burned-out bulbs in my total-recall bank, which have failed to light up and brighten my way down memory lane.

Not me. Not since I discovered the soothing efficacy of total non-recall. How I discovered it is a story worth the telling. As it often happens in the developments of other great boons to mankind, I came across this one by sheer accident. As did the discoverer of penicillin, Dr. What's-his-name Fleming.

(See that? That's the way it works. That's what I mean. Dr. Fleming's surname doesn't come readily to me at the moment, so I skip lightly over it and go merrily on my way. Besides, you probably know his name. Editors are known to frown on this ploy. My editors will most likely recall the doctor's name. If they can't, they're younger than I, and don't mind lifting big books to supply a missing name.)

In my case I accidentally happened upon a cartoon in *The New Yorker* some months ago. It showed a handsome, bemused young caveman, nattily attired in the latest bearskin, obviously on his way to woo his cavewoman, his fingers at his lips as if he were trying to recall some line he could hand her. The caption was "Roses are red, violets are blue, something, something, and so are you."

Now, quickly. If you are unable to supply that missing "something, something" without a peek at the end of this piece,* welcome aboard the Happy World of Non-recall. I say "happy" because after spending ten anguished minutes trying to verbalize that line, I decided to forget ever having stared at that cartoon.

As I settled back in my chair I was overcome by a warm, overwhelming, euphoric calm. In that lovely stupor, I began to realize that I had discovered the secret scientific formula for a carefree, tolerable life: ICR equals FI. Translated into lay language for your convenience, "If You Can't Recall It, Forget It." So, as have many of my fellow discoverers before me, I whispered, "Eureka."

However, before announcing this new panacea to the world or, more important, to the Food and Drug Administration, I decided, in the interest of saving myself a malpractice suit, to self-test it. Now, in the August years of my life, I can do no less than to give unstintingly to mankind what remains of myself.

It was that same afternoon of my discovery—or was it the following week?—that I sat at my typewriter composing a column for *SR* in which I was describing a man as being "as handsome as Cary Grant." But I couldn't recall Mr. Grant's first name. Ulysses S. first came to mind, then Lou Grant, the name of Mary Tyler Moore's TV boss. Also Lee Grant, one of my favorite actresses, and Grant Withers who sneaked in somehow or other.

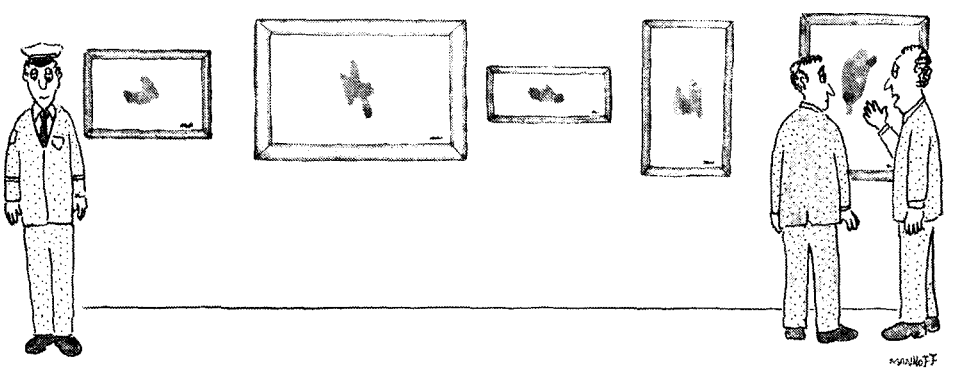
But when the name of the governor of New York, Hugh Carey, flashed across my screen, and I found myself thinking, *Hugh Grant,* I realized that I was on my way to being caught up in another total-recall trap. I stopped cold turkey. The withdrawal pains, I admit, were severe. But I got hold of myself and settled for non-recall. And, very simply, I changed the line to read, "The man was as handsome as Paul Newman." Eureka again. And *voilà!*

Another experiment was tried at the time when the name of Wayne Hays was in the news. I was going to write that he was a member of the House of Representatives, hereinafter known as the house of ill repute. And I was going to mention that I didn't understand what all the fuss was about, since Mr. Hays was obviously only tending to the affairs of State.

But I had that old problem again—I couldn't recall his first name. So instead of running around doing heavy research, I simply didn't write it.

I confess I used to be a closet non-recaller. Since I've gone public, I've discovered a life-style better than even what's-his-name's fountain of youth. And you will, too, as sure as my name is uh . . . uh . . . ◉

* (Sugar is sweet)



"Look, I know that 'less is more' and 'more is less,' but 'enough is enough.'"

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Manner of Speaking

Ghosts in an Inscription

by John Ciardi

THERE are more ghosts on this earth than you can find on your TV set, Horatio. One of them jumped out at me when I was visiting Greenwich, Conn. There, Charles Reich, master of one of the houses of Greenwich's unique high school and a fellow alumnus of Tufts, showed me a slide from a tour of Ireland. The slide was taken at Inch, a town on the Dingle Peninsula, which is a bit north of Killarney. It shows, against a sweep of beach and sea, a stone wall, about eight feet high, on which is inscribed:

DEAR INCH MUST I LEAVE YOU
I HAVE PROMISES TO KEEP
PERHAPS MILES TO GO TO MY
LAST SLEEP

A TRIBUTE FROM A FOREIGN TRAVELLER

Scratched under the inscription is a date—1907.

The scratching cannot be part of the original inscription and must have been added later, perhaps by the traveler returned, perhaps by someone who remembered the placing of the inscription and was dating it retrospectively.

Any reader of Robert Frost must find a ghost in that inscription: there you are, if only in imagination, on the coast of Ireland, and the two most famous lines in American poetry leap from a wall. How? How does anything happen?

The lines could not have been suggested by Frost's poem. "Stopping by Woods" did not appear in book form until *New Hampshire,* published in 1923. To be sure, the poem had been in Frost's workbooks long before that publication.

Frost was born in 1874. He died in 1963. Yet most of the poems for which he is remembered were written by about 1905. "It's all over with us by the time we're thirty," he wrote to Louis Untermeyer. Frost was the great nineteenth-century poet who confused everyone by living through more than half of the twentieth century. Had he died in, say, 1910, the body of his poetry would have been there, waiting to be mined from the workbooks by editors, as Frost himself mined them to the end. Frost's last book was *In the Clearing* (1962), and there are poems in it that had been written before the turn of the century.

I do not know when "Stopping by Woods" was written—perhaps in the same early period—but it was not published till long after the inscription was placed at Inch, and since Frost did not permit people to browse in his workbooks, it could not have been the source of the inscription.

Nor is it likely that the inscription was the source of Frost's lines. The rhyme scheme was the source. Frost had committed himself to quadruple rhyming. He had rhymed himself into a corner, so to speak, and then got out of it by the simple, masterly repetition of the "miles to go before I sleep" line. "Deep," the starting rhyme of his last stanza, carries over from "sweep" in the preceding stanza, prodding him to "promises to keep" and "before I sleep." Where else was there to go? Try beep, cheap, cheep, heap, jeep, leap, neap, peep, reap, seep, steep, weep (and whatever I have left out—creep, for instance), and ask yourself if they could possibly have worked here.

The language narrows the choice to the two rhymes Frost used.

Frost did go to England in 1912, remaining there until 1915. He did not go to Ireland. I wish he had. Assume—a high likelihood—that "Stopping by Woods" was already in the workbooks, and that Frost, strolling the beach at Inch, had found his two most famous lines leaping at him from that wall—what ghosts would those have been?

Once the language truly stirs, it is all ghosts. Consider that no poet has ever written memorably in a second language. Prose, yes. Poetry, no. Poetry is written only in the most haunted language—the one in which one first said "Mama" and "Papa."

Frost has sometimes been compared to La Rochefoucauld. Both men wrote in words so simple on the surface, yet so deeply rooted in idiom, that they are the despair of translators. I suspect one reason for Frost's failure to win a Nobel Prize was his untranslatability. True, he lacked the sort of large yea-saying social message favored by the Swedish Academy. But, even given such a message, how does one export New England ghosts to Stockholm?

Frost came to language from some ghostly beyond; from that dream place in which the language speaks itself to itself. And so, I think, did a man at Inch once, a "foreign traveler" who caught a piece of his ghost and then failed to notice that no man is truly a traveler until he comes to a place in which he is foreign. ◉

"We never get tired of hearing it, Great-grandfather! Tell us again how the West was lost!"

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

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15 L	16 F		17 A	18 J	19 N	20 O	21 C	22 G	23 D	24 M	25 T	26 K		27 P	28 S	
29 V	30 C	31 L	32 U	33 R	34 N	35 E	36 J		37 L	38 G	39 A	40 I	41 X	42 M	43 F	44 P
	45 N	46 V	47 K		48 L	49 U	50 B	51 G	52 K		53 E	54 W		55 U	56 H	57 M
58 C	59 K		60 T	61 P		62 O	63 P	64 V		65 B	66 X	67 A	68 I		69 C	70 T
71 F		72 J	73 V		74 K	75 V	76 C		77 P	78 B	79 G	80 U	81 I		82 V	83 H
	84 J	85 U	86 V	87 S	88 X	89 C	90 O	91 A		92 I	93 Q	94 S	95 K	96 E	97 T	
98 N	99 X		100 B	101 T	102 R		103 X	104 C	105 I	106 A	107 D	108 R	109 F		110 J	111 K
112 O	113 E	114 N	115 T	116 L		117 A	118 U		119 W	120 F	121 D		122 E	123 B	124 P	125 H
126 K	127 V	128 S		129 U	130 G		131 U	132 D	133 F	134 W		135 A	136 P	137 S		138 I
139 M	140 S		141 Q	142 R	143 J		144 D	145 P	146 G	147 V	148 I	149 S		150 F	151 Q	152 K
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182 S		183 D	184 P	185 Q	186 U	187 O	188 K	189 V	190 N	191 C		192 X	193 I	194 B		

Number 105

Instructions

If you've never solved one of thes puzzles, it will probably look muc more difficult than it actually is. If yo can answer only a very few of th WORDS correctly, you're on your wa to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all th WORDS you can guess, and write th letter of each numbered blank in it correspondingly numbered square i the diagram. The letters printed in th upper-right-hand corners of the square indicate from what WORD a particu lar square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, shoul read as a quotation from a publishe work. The dark squares are the space between words. If there is no dar square at the end of a line, a word ma carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, read ing down, will spell the name of th author and the title of the work fron which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing word and phrases taking form in the dia gram; so you can work back and forth from WORDS to diagram and fron diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Creole dish of tomatoes, onions, peppers, etc.	4 17 67 117 135 91 106 179 39
B. Diminishing (3 wds.)	50 65 78 100 123 155 171 194 3
C. Stocky	30 58 69 89 191 21 76 104
D. Delicious, sweet	107 121 144 160 183 6 23 132 169
E. Confined; painfully contracted, as muscles	13 35 53 122 158 96 113
F. Expedited, sped up	120 133 150 178 16 43 109 71
G. Consequence, esp. an unpleasant one	79 130 161 12 51 146 180 22 38
H. County, northeast Scotland; Canadian National Park, Alberta	125 156 181 56 83
I. Propitious, convenient	148 81 92 193 105 138 172 40 68
J. Mode of procedure for gaining advantage or success	72 84 110 170 143 18 36
K. Wastrel hero in *A Tale of Two Cities* (2 wds.)	47 7 26 59 126 52 95 166 188 74 111 152
L. Resin also called pistachia galls	15 31 48 116 159 37
M. Mountain, southwest Peloponnesus	42 57 139 175 24 154

CLUES	WORDS
N. "She seemed a thing that could not feel/_____ of earthly years" (2 wds.; Wordsworth, "A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal")	173 8 34 190 98 114 19 45
O. Pad, diggings, haunt	62 90 112 165 187 20 1
P. "I see a lily on thy brow/With _____ and fever dew" (2 wds.; Keats, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci")	9 136 44 184 63 77 2 124 145 167 61 27
Q. Hit high into the air	93 14 141 185 151 163
R. George's surname (*Our Town*)	108 177 33 142 102
S. King of ancient Assyria; son of Sennacherib (comp.)	140 128 164 87 174 94 137 182 28 149
T. Relief or deliverance, usually good	176 101 10 97 60 70 115 25
U. Tiny person (comp.)	186 55 85 129 80 118 49 131 5 32 11
V. Different in ancestry, but having the same form or appearance	46 64 73 147 82 127 86 75 189 29
W. Denominations	54 162 134 119 157
X. Last work, act, utterance, etc., before death, retirement, etc. (2 wds.)	103 192 66 168 153 88 99 41

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 104* appears on page 37.

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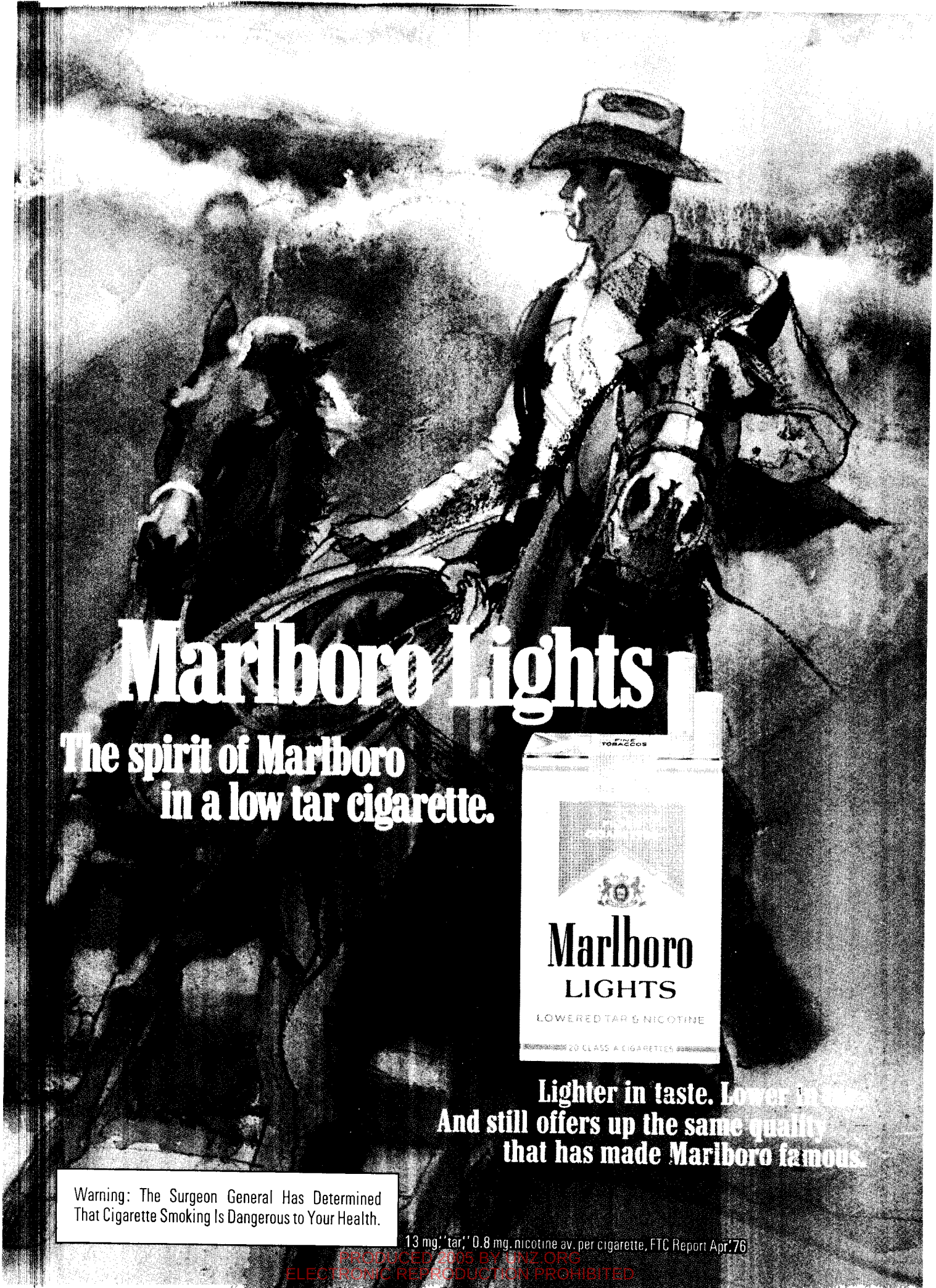
Marlboro Lights
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in a low tar cigarette.
FINE TOBACCOS
Marlboro
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LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the same quality
that has made Marlboro famous.
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13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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